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# THE GENTLE PRINCE

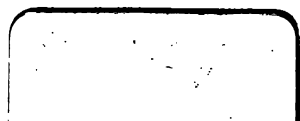


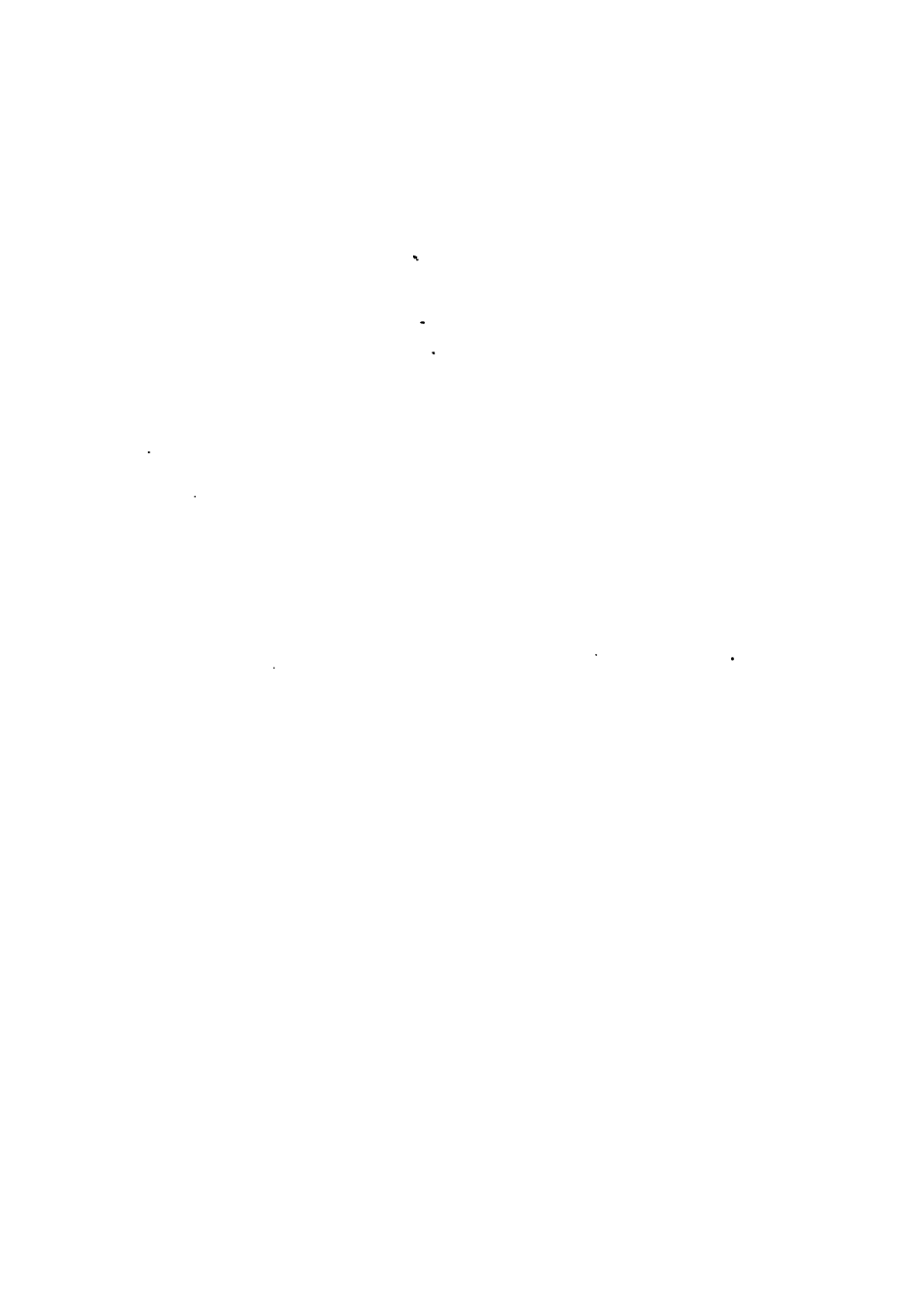
BY THE  
REV. JAMES L. ILLOCKS.





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## THE GENTLE PRINCE.











# THE GENTLE PRINCE

A STORY FOR ALL WHO DESIRE

## THE GOLDEN CROWN OF LIFE

BY THE

REV. JAMES INCHES HILLOCKS

AUTHOR OF "LIFE STRUGGLES," "MISSION LIFE IN LONDON,"

"CHRISTIAN REVIVALS," "WELFARE OF CHILDREN,"

"THE SABBATH SCHOOL," ETC., ETC.

"'Tis not the bared pate, the bended knees,  
The gilt-tip staves, Tyrian purple, chairs of state,  
Troops of pied butterflies, that make a prince."  
But a generous mind, a tender heart  
That feels the present Deity, and tastes  
"The joy of God to see a happy world,"

GLASGOW:

JOHN S. MARR & SONS, 51 DUNDAS STREET.

1879.

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## PREFACE.



DEAR READER,—I think I owe you a word before you begin to read. I have made an adventure. That is, I have done what others do not do. This little book is written under the impression that many of you will receive it from your parents, teachers, or friends, *as a present* for some good done by you. I, therefore, infer that you are not a mere baby, who cannot read any other but trifling toy books. I have a thought that you can do something—would be somebody, and read a book that is not composed of words of one syllable only.

I know what intelligent boys and girls can do, and I have written this book for such. But if at any time I have sent the arrow too high, and you wish to find it, you can ask your parents, your advanced brothers and sisters, your guar-

dians, your teachers, or any other whom you suppose ready to help you ; and you may do them good—put them in the way of thinking.

And, besides, though this book is for intelligent youth—girls as well as boys—yet you will be ready, after you have read it, to say, “Mother, or even father—my teacher, or even the superintendent—shall have a read of it.”

One other sentence. Our hero is not “*a goody goody*,” as we understand that sneering phrase we so often hear. As you will see, he had failings, even faults like others, but you will say, he was manly, Christian, from boyhood.





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# THE GENTLE PRINCE.

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## CHAPTER I.

### THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

"Blind ambition quite mistakes her road."

"**B**ETWEEN birth and *a* birth there may be a vast difference."

"Explain yourself, my friend; you speak mysteriously, as usual."

"To those only who cannot see that twice two are four."

"For the sake of the desired information, let me confess to be one of those."

"We say *a birth*, meaning thereby that a child is born; hence we have birthday—the day beloved by every boy and every girl as it comes round and round—the good wishes, the sweet kisses, and the beautiful presents."

"So far right, my friend ; but *birth*?"

"Rank by descent, to be sure ; hence we have birthright—the right to which one is born."

"And the difference, pray?"

"That depends. To the sentimental they may be as like one another as two p's are ; but to the practical they are as wide as are the two poles—I mean the north and the south. For instance, the one *p* may represent a prince, whilst the other may stand for a peasant. If I were to have a choice, I would choose the first, certainly. A noble birth and a good fortune are not to be despised. Give me both, if you please."

"I cannot, and perhaps it is good for you. A truly noble birth and a truly good fortune may be a real advantage to a really worthy man, but they will never make a good man out of a bad one. For my part, I would rather have the *real* nobleness than the imaginary one. Every true father—that is, every *Christian* father—is a king in the highest and best sense. And every true mother—that is, every *Christian* mother—is a queen in the highest and best sense. I would rather be the son of such a father and such a mother than of any couple of crowned heads, if Christian principles were not there. The

son of the latter might have to say, as one of regal birth has said—

‘I was born so high.  
Our eery buildeth in the cedar’s top,  
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.’

A birth, be it that of a prince or a peasant, has in it much that is important—a new life, a solemn reality.”

“That may be, but it is no less so in the case of a prince than a peasant. We have an instance at hand: that of a prince. Not many years ago, the hearts of his parents were full, and all who were interested were so happy and hopeful. Even this prince’s feebleness became a matter of talk, as the tiny flame of his life flickered and threatened to expire. Doctors prescribed, nurses tended, parents watched; but this distressing weakness stretched into years, and dread anxiety filled the hearts of all concerned, for neither food nor medicine could make the weak life a strong one. Earnest prayer from loyal subjects ascended, the one desire being that the prince might live. What peasant ever commanded such attention?”

“I know now of whom you speak. Though it is more than twenty years ago, I remember much of what was said about the expression of hope being at last marked upon the faces of the royal parents. By

means of the doctors' skill and the nurses' care, the food blossomed into bone and sinew, and the once frail frame became firmly set and somewhat robust. But what of that? It only shews that princes are human, even as others."

"Yes ; but see how the child of promise became a promising boy, how the parents' hearts were again filled with joy, and how that joy became more intensified as they sat by the gorgeous cot of the reviving prince. What might he become? and what might he accomplish? were the absorbing questions."

"And what did he become?"

"He became the hope of his party, the joy of his parents, and the pride of his friends."

"And some go as far as to say, 'The respect of *all*;' but princes are never without flatterers, and almost all spring from a race of warriors who are too often fired and depraved by ambition."

"It is well you guard your statement by the word 'almost.' It is not *always* the case that 'war forms the prince.' It has been known, in some cases at least, there have been other things than war that rear and inspire the princely mind to glory, to 'the noblest virtues and the gentlest manners.' That you will admit, surely."

This was the conversation of two men, who looked at matters from two opposite points. What they said on any given subject was in a measure correct, to the extent they saw it; but their talk was not edifying enough to spend much precious time in listening. Therefore I shall cut it short here, and tell you the prince referred to by them is not *our* prince—the hero of our story.

But you are likely to ask who was the prince spoken of in this conversation. I shall answer you in a few words.

By some he was called “the Prince Imperial”; by others, Louis Napoleon. There was much ado about his birth, and much ado about his death. He was the son of one who made himself an Emperor, the nephew of Napoleon I., whose marvellous career has astonished every careful reader of history. From the point of view at which royalty looks at such things, this boy had many great advantages, and was looked upon as the prop and stay and ultimate glory of his “house,” as some call the Imperial dynasty. When the lad was born, there was wealth and opportunity. Up to this time, his father was the conquering Emperor, in full possession, and in all his glory. The Mother-Empress was also looked upon as an ornament

to the throne, keeping up the State etiquette in a manner that seemed to please many, who talked loud of her beauty, elegance, and dignity, and called her "the Magnificent." Very soon it was declared that this boy was a prince according to the hearts of the parents and the opinion of the courtiers. Not long after, the lad is called upon to testify to the nations that he is possessed of the family instincts—those of a race of warriors—blood, blood ; so he must buckle on the sword, and withstand "the baptism of fire," the news of which were wired throughout the world.

"Most wonderful," exclaimed one and then another, "How wonderfully preserved ; steel proof and lead proof ; his life is charmed, a warrior is he !"

Having affronted death and tasted blood, he must have more, more, so he prepares for the attainment of his aim, which some called glorious ; but things do not always run smooth with emperors and empresses, and not even with such favoured princes—especially of this kind. Not long after this mighty boast and supposed triumph, this baptism of fire flared in another direction, and the Father-Emperor had other cares to attend to than picking up the bullets that were said to fall powerless at the feet of his son. Like many more who are foolishly vain enough to

plume themselves on the charm of regal titles, this father realized the full force of the well-known truth, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." The defeat at Sedan and the dethronement of the Emperor, the flight of the Empress with the Prince from France to England have been carefully recorded : also the fact that the dethroned Emperor, too, sought refuge on British soil. After a short time in seclusion with his wife and son, at Chislehurst, he died like other men.

As the representatives of this overthrow, the widowed mother and her young son remained in this exiled home, evidently locked in each other's affections. She looked to him as "the saviour of the house" which his grand-uncle is said to have founded about ninety years ago. It was also said that she felt convinced that "the prince"—then regarded as the last Napoleon—would be greater than the first ; that this son was destined to lift France to a pinnacle of glory hitherto unobtained, and lead his mother back to the palace once more to become "the most brilliant woman in that radiant capital." But this has not been, and cannot now be.

The ex-Empress and the ex-Prince made friends, and remained friendly, with some in high position.



The widow needed filial help and she received it ; but the rule—"Let well alone"—was broken. It was not in the young man learning to be a soldier,—that was a natural part in the programme—doubtless, in this the loving, doating, hopeful mother agreed with the son. But he at last disobeyed her—so it is said. For some reason or other he left his quiet home for Zululand, and joined those engaged in the unhappy war there. And there the young life was miserably lost—not as a portion of the price of a *brilliant* victory—not as the result of a *glorious* defeat—speaking after military form—but by the hand of a poor savage in a savage land. His death came—when he was on death intent—by the horrid mutilations of savage fury roused and enraged in self-defence.

Such was the beginning and end of this prince. But I repeat, this is not *our* prince. As we have seen, this prince was called *the Prince Imperial*, ours is called *the Gentle Prince*. This one was born in a great palace, ours was born in a "little palace." The birth-place of the one was *grand*, but the birth-place of the other was only *neat*. In the one, courtiers said they were jubilant, in the other, friends were truly glad. *This* prince had many and great advantages, *ours* had little or none, at least of the same kind.

So much by way of contrast, but this chapter of history is also given here as a lesson.

*This prince disobeyed a loving mother, and we now know the result.*

God says, "Children, obey your parents," and this He says in love,—listen in love.





## CHAPTER II.

### THE COTTAGE BECOMES A "PALACE."

"The first sure symptom of a mind in health  
Is rest of heart, and pleasure felt at home."

THE younger Mr. and Mrs. Sithean were in the enjoyment of the Queen's weather when moving to their new home in the country. This fine day, together with a deep interest felt in the couple, brought a considerable number out to see their departure. Many talked freely—some favourably, and others the opposite of that.

"And that is Mrs. Sithean, junior, is it?" said one of the bystanders. "She is not a *handsome* beauty, certainly; nor is she a *tiny* beauty either, but a pleasant medium—the very thing for one whose heart is given up to personal attractions. The proportions are equal, the form is graceful, and there is expression as well as elegance; but, dear me, there are hundreds as beautiful. What is all the talk about?"

"You have the biggest of the talk, at any rate. You speak as learnedly as if you were an artist, but all your learning has not given you a simple heart," replied a neighbour, with a little of the nettle in her tone. "Some people's praise is so very cold that it savours of blame. You do gross injustice to the young couple. You convey the idea that he is one who has no heart for anything but physical beauty, and that she has nothing else to attract attention. He loves spiritual beauty, and it is that in her that won and keeps his heart. There may be others as beautiful, but there are none so fascinating, to him at least; and I am not astonished at it, having the pleasure of the friendship of both."

The first speaker thought it proper to pass by the sting in this reply. Being conscious she meant no harm, she said, "You are to be congratulated, and I can admit what you said; nevertheless, it is easier to understand his lecture on physical beauty much more fully now that we see his model. It was her picture he gave us in all its cheerful brightness—and a beauty it was."

"That's better, *now*," added the second speaker; "but let me tell you that it was the same when his subject was spiritual beauty; and this far outshone all

the rest. He evidently saw what he described, and felt what he pictured ; and the joy of which he spoke came from a heart overflowing with delight. He loves physical beauty, but it is the more spiritual pleasures and aspirations that take possession of his admiring soul. No doubt it was her moral worth that won him, and that, I am told, is still unfolding and expanding. She is his life as well as his love."

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked a third bystander, not a little envious, and was therefore unable to relish these notes of praise. "You speak of her beauty, no thanks to her (Mrs. Sithean) for that, she has it through her father ; and what of goodness there is it comes by her mother. It is at the beginning with her. Wait till she is tested ; then we will see if she can transmit these qualities in all the perfection you speak of. At present the face is sweet enough, but she has nothing to make it sour. Her look is calm enough, but she has nothing to ruffle it. When one is truly beloved it is easy to love in return."

In this there was truth, but the spirit and tone were far from being proper or pleasant. She was met by this reply :—

"Though what you say is true, you have not given

us the whole truth of the matter. Surely you will admit that there is something praiseworthy in retaining and manifesting the good we get from God through our parents; also, in being able to win and keep a heart that is strong in faith and beautiful in affection. This, by God's help, Mrs. Sithean has done. No doubt she will be the wife at home, making that home sweet and happy."

"If not she will not be like her mother," said another, evidently unwilling to give the young wife full credit for the lovely character generally attributed to her. "Her mother was a home-loving woman. She was rather grave for some of the 'giddy folks,' but she had a quiet happiness, which, when it shone in her face, made her almost angelic. And then she was so full of the milk of human kindness—a friend in every time of need to everyone whom her influence or other necessary help could reach. She never was rich in this world's means, but she was ever ready to place under requisition all that could come from a generous heart, a genial mind, and a willing hand ever open and active. She was not like your prim, set-up, fancy dolls, made up and set up for a fancy show. As some of your learned people would say, she was physically strong. She could and did

endure much, but in heart she was as tender as a child. It would be a shame were Mrs. Sithean other than she is. To use our minister's words, such mothers are the *stamina* of our nation."

"True, true," chimed the previous speaker; "but there was more than all this—*Mrs. Sithean's mother was a child of God.* All her natural gifts and bestowed graces were sanctified by the Holy Spirit. This was the secret. And her aim was to train up for God those whom He had given her. It is not likely that Mrs. Sithean will forget all this, now that she is still in the way of inhaling and cultivating all that is true and noble. Surely we have a right to expect something from her. When much is given, much is looked for."

Of these remarks the young couple knew nothing; but of this they were conscious—their desire was to serve God in all their ways and wherever they were. They wished to live for each other and do good. In sentiment, in principle, in action, they were one. In their cases—as in all such cases—there was not perfection; but—as in many other cases—there was a striving after it. Excellency there was, but that was not free from faults. They found that there is no one absolutely perfect here, but they held before them the

*best* Example—that is, the *only* Saviour. In striving to follow Jesus, even to self-denial, they were greatly assisted by that implicit trust in God which blesses the soul and purifies life ; also that good-nature which indicates a beautiful mind and wins its way to all true hearts.

And with these there was that common-sense which is often more useful than what is sometimes called fine sense. Their common-sense was not only that utterance which needs no argument to prove its truth ; it also had in it that wisdom that is ever ready, a philosophy that is true and practical.

Thus they lived in their new home, each one being a world to the other. Each day brought something for thought—something for admiration and gratitude, and also an occasional visitor—sometimes the Squire, especially when he could induce a friend to accompany him.

"Houses are like people, in some respects," he said one day to a friend who had come to see the modest retreat of the happy pair: a snow-white cottage, around which all things were so well and beautifully arranged, that those who passed by stopped to admire the cottage, and ask themselves who lived there. Looking from the high road, the Squire and



his friend beheld the charming little cottage, standing at the top of the rising ground, while the prettily laid-out garden met their admiring eyes. The former added—

"I verily believe the appearance of the outside depends greatly on the nature of that which is within. The old poet was right when he said—

'From the soul the body form doth take,  
For soul is form, and doth the body make.'

A pure spirit, filled with heavenly light, gives a charm to all around, but first to the body it inhabits. If there are any exceptions to this rule, I have not seen them.

"In this way Mr. and Mrs. Sithean have in a comparatively short time given life and joy to all around. And it is to their taste and energy that we owe the charming sight we see. Not so long ago that cottage and those grounds were dark and dreary, and now, as you see, they are a delight to look upon. Outside and inside, that cottage is A LITTLE PALACE."

The visitor who accompanied the Squire had also something to say, and an interesting conversation followed on the theory thus pronounced. But I prefer to close this chapter by advising all my young

friends, if they have cottages, to beautify them, and their enhanced loveliness will repay them. If they have gardens, cultivate them, and the flowers and fruits produced will encourage them to persevere. They will be healthier and happier. A little cottage may become a "little palace."





## CHAPTER III.

### BABY POWER.

“Thy mother’s joy, thy father’s hope, thou bright, little child.  
Pure dwelling, where two fond hearts keep their gladness.”

**T**HE conversation turned from the pleasant to the practical. It was all well to hear something like this: Real spiritual beauty greatly enhances the truest of physical beauty; that beautiful hearts are alone allied to beautiful homes. You will know all this as you advance in years and culture. But it is better to consider the vast importance of having neat and beautiful cottages, healthy and clean homes, because more of them than we have would greatly bless and strengthen our nation. What a blessing if owners and occupiers thought more of this. Many would be saved from unspeakable misery and saved to that which is tasteful, agreeable, and promotive of grace and beauty, comfort and joy. You will see to

all that when you grow up ; the laws of health and the laws of happiness require it.

But I must hasten to the story again. Well, the squire and his friend left, but not without saying, "How are all?"

Days passed, and at last a stranger came to the little palace. This visitor—"a rose with all its sweetest leaves unfolded,"—"a young star,"—"a lovely being,"—a baby boy, whom a loving friend afterwards called, "The Gentle Prince,"—a name which I have retained as characteristic of the life I am about to relate.

My young reader, did you ever think of your baby? Is it not an object of wonder, of reverence, and mystery?

"It is well with the lad," said the nurse, after she saw and admired his beautiful black eyes,— "so beautiful!"

She was a peculiar nurse this woman, as all self-conceited nurses are, after they admit they have seen forty years. In her own mind, none were so wise and womanly ; she was what is now called a strong-minded woman,—if you know what that is ; if not, ask your father, privately. She knew all about castor oil, salts and senna, and woe be to the elder boys and girls

who refused to take them after she had given the command. I knew one ; she had all in her and around her that is bad in man and nothing that is good in woman. She frightened me, for I was then a little boy. But I have known good nurses,—really wise and truly gentle,—pleasant and faithful. Perhaps you have known them, too. But this nurse stood midway between the two. One of her leading faults *was having too much to say* ; and what she said was law ; she became master and mistress too.

"I tell you," she added, "this is no ordinary child. I am not a witch, neither do I believe in witchcraft—past are the days of second sight and foretelling, but one cannot fail to believe what she sees. I can assure you *this is no ordinary child.*"

When you grow up you will see this was a very safe assertion to make. Your mother thought you were no ordinary baby, especially if you were the first one, and a boy. With fathers as well as mothers all first babies are extraordinary babies. You never saw a baby so pretty and so sweet as your baby, and yet this nurse went on to give her reasons for her statement in a most elaborate form, retailing and repeating oft what she called the sayings of her mother, her grandmother, and her great-grandmother, including

their histories and virtues, and taking care to show how near she was allied to some of the greatest families of the land. Her oration, however, was neither new nor welcome to those present, save to the parents, who for a time listened with marked attention.

Though the rest seemed as if listening to a twice-told tale, all remembered the first words—"It is well with the lad"—and were glad. In this, at least, the nurse was correct. The young stranger was a lovely boy in the eyes of more than his parents.

Mrs. Sithean, like the most of those who become real mothers, always had a weakness for babies, but now her joy was unbounded, and that from the first time she saw his pretty baby-mouth, and kissed his soft, sweetly-dimpled cheeks. The holy smile of infancy, as it beamed on his cherub-brow, charmed her to tears. The wistful tenderness in his black eyes, as it beamed from between the open eyelids and the silken fringe, touched her heart and spoke to her soul. Even when her own "precious pet" lay still as any rose

"That blows in all the silence of its leaves,  
Content in blowing to fulfil its life;"

and even before the "dear darling" could articulate in the slightest the mother supposed she knew its

thoughts, and strove to supply its wishes. And when this "pretty angel" *knew* as well as *saw* his mother's face, and with a heavenly smile accepted it in exchange for heaven itself, her emotions were inexpressible.

Nor was this unremitting delight, and care, and devotion confined to the mother. Of the father the son had complete possession. Even the "gug-gug" of the latter was as music to the former. It was true at times he knew not whom to admire most—the mother or the baby—but for once at least baby carried off the palm, and that was when a sound something like that given when a child utters the half of the word "papa" for the first time made its way from between the pretty lips of the tiny prodigy to the attentive ears of the joyous parents.

"What a wonderful representative of various possibilities," said the father, as he looked upon his baby boy asleep. "What thou shalt be—what thou shalt do—where thou shalt go—who on earth can tell?" After a pause he added—

" ' Joy thou bring'st, but mixed with trembling—  
Anxious joys and tender fears. ' "

It may be

' Pleasing hopes and mingled sorrows,  
Smiles of transport dashed with tears. ' "



## CHAPTER IV.

### GRANDFATHER'S BLESSING.

"Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee."

THE thoughts suggested by the last lines brought tears to the eyes of both parents; the father had repeated the words aloud. But anything in the shape of fear soon passed away; baby continued to be strong and active, as all healthy babies generally are.

It was after this, perhaps more than before this, that the father, when he returned home to rest in the evenings, would listen with placid patience and visible delight to the many wonders of each day—wonders of which baby was the hero and the mother the narrator.

But here they erred. They were so lost in unutterable joy that they for the time forgot that there were more than three beings on the earth. But this was



made amends for. Sorrow brought them to think also of the shadowy side of life. The statement, "in the midst of life we are in death," was forcibly brought home to them.

"That letter troubles you, my dear," said Mrs. Sithean, one morning as he was reading.

"Grandfather is dying," he said suppressing his emotion as much as possible. "Poor dear father, he is anxious to see both of us, and baby too."

Unable to say more, he handed the letter to her. Silently she read—"This is the special request of your dying father, and filial affection will lead you to strain every nerve and bend every opposing circumstance."

"We must try. Who can be found to fill your place till we return? We *must* go," she said in a breath; and ere many minutes preparations for the journey were being made.

The nurse arrived in time to give her advice.

"When I heard of your proposed journey I felt I must come," she said by way of an apology for her sudden appearance. "I sympathise with you in this trying time, but it is baby I am most concerned for—it is baby. I hear that Mr. Sithean's friends wish him to return to town life. He might be even more

useful than he is here ; but it's the baby. You are the mother, ma'am, and I am the *nurse*; but my experience is greater than yours. You see this quiet, healthy life suits him well, but I dread the consequence of even a few months in the city. He is a pretty child—a dear child—but he is tender, nevertheless."

Though the notions of this officious woman were generally swollen with high conceit, yet it was felt that on this occasion she was sincere, and that she really loved baby. She waited till the departure, preparing and arranging the wraps, for the distance to the railway station was considerable.

"So glad to see you. Grandfather is still sensible, and able to speak a little. He had given up all hopes of seeing you, but, now that he has revived a little, he is in joyous expectation."

These words were softly whispered to Mr. and Mrs. Sithean as they entered the chamber adjoining that in which Mr. Sithean, senior, lay nigh unto death.

"They are come," whispered the same soft voice to the dying man, anxious to break the news as gently as possible.

"And the child?" he asked, comprehending what was meant.

"Yes, and he is a lovely boy," was the answer.

"Thanks be to God! help me up, bring the lad," said the dying saint, who was soon propped up in bed by means of pillows.

"God bless you, dear boy! God help you to be as kind to your parents as they have been to me."

The scene was too much for those around. The words just uttered brought to the mind of the speaker many thoughts of the past and filled his heart with grateful emotions, and prevented him from saying more. And then the contrast between the grandfather and the grandson. The latter lay on the lap and looked up to the face of the former—the soft sweet smile of the latter blending with the thoughtful farewell look of the former. Each face was full of expression, and all wept but baby.

At last—after the emotion had been somewhat overcome—grandfather gave back the boy, turned to the parents and said, "May you both be so blessed as to be a blessing eyermore to all around you. Now I am ready; right with God and man; made ripe for heaven in Christ; farewell, all farewell."

Having regained a little more strength he kissed the boy, and gave some wise counsel.

"Be a mother in Israel," were his last words.

Not many hours after this affecting scene grandfather Sithean fell asleep in Jesus. And in a few days after the funeral, the couple with their boy returned to their cottage-home, now known as the "little palace," as the Squire called it. But the death-bed scene,—the effort of the saint to sit up in bed and receive the lad in his arms,—the invocation and the advice cannot be forgotten.

But this was not all. This bereavement was, by God, made to work for good to the parents, and through them to the child. To God the child was solemnly dedicated from its birth, and this fact was never entirely forgotten, but more thought was at times bestowed on the gift than the Giver, forgetting for the time, that nice babies and loving parents are good, but God is better—the best. After this event, however, they more constantly than ever and more strongly than before, felt the force of the Bible truth that baby was given to them not merely for *their* pleasure and profit, but also to nurse for God and good.

You will say that was a step in the right direction. It is a sad thing when children are not trained for God and good. They now became too anxious about the boy. They discussed of what profession he must be ;

whether a minister, a doctor, a lawyer, or what? For a time this troubled them much. But they grew wiser, remembering that their present duty was to train up the child in the way it should go, having God's word for it, that he should not depart from that way,—God's way, which is the best way. In this they took refuge and rest. Keeping in mind the necessity of using the right means in the proper way, they continued to trust in God, not only for their own life and love, but also for light and direction in regard to their boy beloved.





## CHAPTER V.

### WHICH LEADS UP TO A NOBLE RESOLVE.

“What we truly and earnestly aspire to be, that in some sense we are.”

AS you know, time runs on. The clock or the watch may stop, but time never stops. And then it carries us on. Every day makes us a day older. What a good thing it is when every day finds us better and better—a day's march nearer heaven!

It was so with Mr. and Mrs. Sithean's boy. His infancy passed away, but not the feelings nor the influence associated with it, nor the holy emotions which it engendered. Time, care, and training, with God's blessing, found—what his mother declared him to be—“The brightest and best, the sweetest and dearest, the most beautiful and intelligent of boys.”

This was a loving testimony by a loving mother of a loving son. And it was true, every word of it.

It was mother-like, but the fact was evident to all around. As the boy grew, he brought with him all the varied charms of childhood, and it was when these charms were at their very best that he was presented with the gift of a pretty sister.

You remember how you received a gift like this. How frequently and sweetly you kissed the pretty, rounded, rosy cheeks ; first one and then the other. That was just what he did. She, too, was a beautiful child, and he knew it. One of his delights was to look smilingly into her bright black eyes—a match to his own.

But I should tell you here that his name is Ernest, and that it might have been spelt *Earnest*, for even at this early stage of his life he was ardent in his affection, warm and zealous.

Though generally very active, he at times gave some indications that the nurse was right when she said, “He is tender, nevertheless” ; and perhaps it was this, as well as affection, that caused him for long to love to nestle in his mother’s lap, and to rest his head upon her bosom. This he would do as he had opportunity, especially when tired or sleepy ; even when those around him would, in their good-natured way, tease him by saying, “See the baby!” But he

never sought, nor allowed himself to covet, that luxury at the expense of his sister's comfort. Even in this he studied her desires, and helped to gratify them at his own expense, manifesting a readiness to exercise that self-denial which continued to be one of the beautiful features of his after-life.

It was this, and at this time, that won for him the name of "The Gentle Prince." Even then he was so truly princely—so noble and gentle.

It was a sweet picture to see this true mother in Israel, with her young ones—"all with love's invisible sceptre laden"—sometimes the tears of gratitude welling up from the joyous heart of this God-made nurse; baby on her lap and Ernest at her knee; the mother kissing one, and then the other; Ernest gently laying his tiny hand on baby's fairy brow. Baby also must crow, coo-oo-oo, and tell its meaning through her sparkling eyes.

But a change came—not in the purity of the love, nor in the loving care; the change was that of circumstances.

"It seems hard," said Mrs. Sithean to her husband, "that we should leave this home, when you are so useful and so well liked by all but a few, and they the wicked of the district. Yet it appears that



Providence says, 'Accept that offer of a new field of labour.'"

"Your instinct is truer at times than my reasoning. It seems the will of God that I accept the invitation, so I shall consent. Our usefulness may be increased, and that may be some compensation for having to leave the dear friends here. May God bless them, and stamp out the evil."

The evil referred to was the wickedness and the wicked ways of those who were for sin, whatever their pretensions. Mr. Sithean and such could not agree. He had a habit of plain speaking when speaking was a duty. You have heard about calling a spade a spade. This he did. He would not call a drunken sot a sober man. He would not call a sly sinner a heavenly saint. He believed in clean hands and pure hearts; and in all this he was encouraged by his partner in life.

This gave offence, and the evil-disposed bestirred themselves mightily. They strutted, and stormed, and threatened. Some of them were sly, and did their evil work in an underhand way. They so worked upon the Squire and the Minister as to lead them to do what they both afterwards regretted.

But the regrets came too late, and were of no avail.

Mr. Sithean left for the new sphere of labour, where he received a hearty welcome, especially from the poor. For nearly two years the usefulness increased day after day; but envy and jealousy came in so strong as to cause a removal, to the lamentation of many, especially those most in want of such help as Mr. and Mrs. Sithean were able and willing to render, and had given.

This, and the other relative consequences, caused Mr. and Mrs. Sithean, with their family, to suffer much—not only mental but bodily suffering. Still in God they could and did rejoice. They knew they were persecuted for righteousness' sake, and they kept possession of the promise—of the kingdom of heaven.

And all this time, while envy and jealousy, with their wicked designs and wicked efforts, were acting their ruinous parts, the calm of the home of the victims remained unruffled, and this was a great help. The storm being roused was not easily calmed. The wicked help each other in their wickedness far more effectively than the good help each other in their goodness. To gain their objects the wicked make their poisonous arrows go far—even from place to place.

So Mrs. Sithean found ; but the mother was no less the mother at home, under even the worst of the adverse circumstances ; even the direst of crushing poverty could not soil the exquisite tenderness of her love and devotion as a wife and mother. Every additional pressure and discomfort brought out more fully the most precious features of her practical and enduring excellence. And all this told with blessed effect on the children, but especially on Ernest, he being the eldest, and most given to thoughtful observation.

"Mamma, are all boys princes who are born in palaces?" he asked, one day, when in one of the considering moods for which he was noted. Though in disposition he was joyous and lively, yet he could be calm and reflective. No doubt the trying times had brought about this considerably.

"I must be careful," thought the mother. "He is anxious ; the tone is serious. Behind this question some principle may be working on his young mind."

This caution was natural to her, but it was also suggested by experience, for already she had found that one answer called forth other questions, some of which were difficult to answer. Not that he had any

desire to "catch" anyone. Already he was becoming a perfect model of propriety, without display; and, besides, his fond attachment to his mother was too strong and too tender to permit him to lead her into any difficulty.

"Would Ernest like to be a prince?" she asked, trying to find a way to his train of thoughts. "Your friends call you 'the Gentle Prince.'"

"I know," he said; his thoughtful countenance bespeaking that sincerity which sometimes assumes what is called gravity. "But I would like to be a *real* prince."

"Why, my dear?" asked the mother, a little astonished.

"Because princes are rich, and might do good," was the brief reply.

She was staggered. "Has poverty been exercising its baneful influence?" she asked herself, and began to think of the bright days which preceded the testing times—the days when life ran smoothly on as a gently flowing river, rolling on in its beautiful course, with nothing more than a gentle ripple here and there, to vary its graceful flow—the days which brought about incidents, the tendency of which was specially favourable to the wakening and drawing out and fostering

the finer and nobler sensibilities of "the Gentle Prince"; cultivating and enlarging his young mind, gladdening and refining his tender heart.

"And what would my boy do if he were a *real* prince, good, rich, and powerful?" was the next question the mother put.

"I would bring to their knees all those who have injured papa."

Here he paused, because his young heart was full. No boy loved his parents more ardently and devoutly than Ernest Sithean did. In him filial affection was strong and pure. For his father he had a loving reverence, and now he was able to know that a great wrong had been done, so he thought of reparation, though he had never heard the word.

"Would that be your first act?" added the mother; and he replied—

"Not the first. I would take you, papa, Ada, Mabel, and baby to a better house, and give you a better bed, like what you once had. And then I would see to the wicked men. Papa would forgive them, but I could not do so. I would make them promise never to injure any other people."



## CHAPTER VI.

IN WHICH ERNEST DECIDES TO BECOME A YOUNG  
LIVINGSTONE.

“Not for himself but for the world he lives,  
An earnest will to help the lowly living.”

**T**HIS was too much for the mother; she could not speak. She could only press the dear boy to her loving heart, and stroke down his curly locks. In one sense she was rich, she was the daughter of the King of kings; and from Him she had this young, but already, noble prince and three sweet princesses. But in another sense, she was oppressively poor. Circumstances over which neither she nor her husband had as yet any control, had laid them very low in deep distress, and made them seek a home in a wretched hovel, but it was a home nevertheless. A father was there, a mother, too, was there, a true mother; yes, and the dear children had all been preserved. So the sacred ties of home were there,—

loving parents and loving children—strong in love and rich in grace. Even here they were sweet and beautiful, and, as we have seen, sometimes grand.

“What made you cry, mamma,” asked Ernest after a short time; “was it because I could not forgive the wicked people? I know God says we should forgive our enemies, and Jesus will help me to do so. Forgive me, mamma,” and he gave her a loving kiss.

You know this was right; the mother knew it too, but could not then say it. You know also that gratitude as well as grief brings tears. It was gratitude in this case. The mother knew Ernest was all right at heart, because he had given himself to God. But she was afraid, too, lest his health might give way in this unhealthy home. To her the delicate nature of his frame soon became apparent. Before this, several severe ailments again and again threatened to prove fatal; but loving care and skilful nursing with God's blessing brought him through, and now she was rewarded by seeing him out-grow what appeared to be a latent feebleness. Still, he was slender and such were the refinement of his features, and the gentleness of his disposition, that, but for his dress, he might have been mistaken for a beautiful girl. It may appear strange to you—especially if you are a strong boy.

Look at him with his eldest sister Ada. In the case of both, the hair is dark, glossy and curly; the eyes are black, clear and sparkling; the faces are open, bright and pretty. To see them hand in hand is pleasing and inspiring,—the representatives of celestial purity and sweet simplicity.

But like as they were to each other, and loving as they were, she was not the only sister that he loved. His two other sisters, Mabel and baby, he loved to adoration. As you know it is seldom sisters are alike. They may all have winning ways, and so become more and more endearing every day. It was so in this case.

The loveliness of Mabel was not the same as the loveliness of Ada. The fairy face of Mabel was so round and plump; and her smiles were guileless as well as soft. And then she was so fair, and her golden locks were so wavy. She was either laughing or thinking, but ever ready to kiss all round.

And as for baby—the “new baby” as he called her; “a dear little angel,” “so fair and so pretty,” “the like of her he never saw.”

It was true, he—for the time at least—forgot that he had seen Ada and Mabel at the same stage of being, but there was much truth in what he said, “Baby really was as lovely and as sweet as any baby



could be." So when you see any house that is so old, and rickety, and unhealthy, that it should be pulled down, do not suppose that the people in it are as bad as the house. It may have in it not only loving parents, but also sweet and lovely children—

"Living jewels dropped unstained from heaven."

Here, even in this hovel, the mother kept true to those maternal instincts, which bespeak a character sanctified by the Holy Spirit in an eminent degree. Here, too, she continued to lay the foundation of the magic power of her precious influence on the young minds of those who were rising up to call her blessed.

At last matters began to take a more favourable turn with Mr. and Mrs. Sithean. When at all able he kept close to his preparation for the work he knew God was preparing him, and leading him on he knew not where. Nevertheless he was always faithful to present duty, which included works of faith and labours of love, as well as that pertaining to the domestic circle. And glad he was when the dark cloud of adversity began to clear away.

And so was Ernest, for poverty had so sharpened his wits that he began rather early to think and speak "like an old man." Though, nearly as much by

intuition as by training, he was at this time considerably advanced in the elementary branches of a school education, yet it could not be said that his school training had been begun in earnest till now. The facility with which he overtook class-fellows who had previously been ahead of him became a matter of surprise and comment, and the honours he gained were many. From the first his memory was retentive and ready, and this saved him from much of what others called repulsive drudgery; but his application was no less intense and unremitting for that, and this accounted for his signal success in languages, or whatever he applied himself—that of geography being the most noticeable.

In time, however, absence from school occasionally became indispensable because of indisposition; but this disadvantage was not so much as was feared. He not only retained much of the animation of which he was generally full; he also studied to keep in mind whatever knowledge he had previously acquired; not only so, such were his patient perseverance and natural aptitude for study, that he returned to his classes wiser than he left.

“What does Ernest mean to follow as a profession?” asked his mother. But the words had scarcely

escaped her lips before she regretted having put the question.

"What God and papa would like," was the answer. "What say you, mamma? You will agree with papa, I am sure. Next to God he knows best. You will consult papa and tell me. I know I would like to do for the poor abroad what papa is doing for the poor at home. I would like to be a Livingstone."

A few days passed, and the subject was again spoken of.

"Papa had anticipated your choice, and so have I," said the mother. "But though your studies may be directed in that line, your papa thinks, unless you get much stronger, you could not undertake what requires much physical energy. But he is willing, should God see it proper."

"That is all I ask, mamma. It is all I ask;" and he sealed the understanding with a kiss.





## CHAPTER VII.

### ERNEST AT HOME.

"Be it ever so humble, there is no place like home."

**T**HE intervals between the time he attended the classes were well filled up by studies at home under the careful direction of his father. It was remarkable how he made the circumstances yield to his desires. He soon saw the necessity of two kinds of training for the work on which he had set his heart—to become a missionary-physician.

"I can easily see," said Ernest to his father, "that Latin, French, German, and Greek are necessary; but more is needed. God and you and self-application can give me what I cannot get in the highest and best classes. And by giving attention to these things now I could be more helpful to you in your outside work, until I am ready to go abroad."

By outside work he meant what was carried on by

his father in addition to what was considered the more immediate work of the pastorate. In this father and son were one in mind and in heart. The idea so intelligently perceived was readily and faithfully acted upon.

Ere this, Ernest—though yet very young to have such wise thoughts—had read considerably, and what he read indicated a literary taste higher far than that generally manifested in boys. History he loved, but travels he devoured. He did not altogether discard works of fiction, but what he read were of the highest order, and only as a relief or rest. He was fond of allegorical writings, and bestowed some time and thoughts on the poets, and almost every line he read he made his own. All suggested some grand and noble thought; some leading him to action. For example, the line—

“Music has charms to soothe the savage breast,”

took such a hold on him that to his other studies he added that of music.

“It might be useful to me among the poor ignorant, benighted creatures,” he said to himself, meaning those who knew not the gospel—the heathen everywhere.

Again, the words by the same poet—

“Souls have been informed  
By magic numbers and persuasive sounds,”

led him to think of music, when properly employed, as a means of *teaching* as well as soothing.

“A good hymn, well sung,” he thought and often said, “is almost as powerful as a good sermon well delivered.” And he would give instances, selecting a few from his many favourites.

“Among the first of the hymns I would translate would be Burton’s, beginning and ending with these lines—

‘Holy Bible, book divine,  
Precious treasure, thou art mine.’”

He loved the Bible. To him it was the Book of books.

“And the next?” asked his father.

“J. Montgomery’s ‘For ever with the Lord,’” was the reply; and so on he went, giving preference to such as the “Realms of the Blest,” “Sweet Rest in Heaven,” “I heard the Voice of Jesus say,” “Nearer, my God, to Thee,” and the Twenty-third Psalm, Scotch version.

“In this Psalm,” he would say, “we have all we need—God and support.” And then he would repeat

it with emphasis. Sometimes he only said the first verse—

“The Lord’s my Shepherd, I’ll not want;  
He makes me down to lie  
In pastures green; He leadeth me  
The quiet waters by.”

Sometimes he would go on to the last verse—

“Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me,  
And in God’s house for evermore  
My dwelling-place shall be.”

But though he loved the Psalms to adoration, and the best of our hymns, yet he had a great amount of admiration for what was good and true and tender in songs not generally regarded as spiritual. His recitation of the “Psalm of Life” and “Mary in Heaven” was stirring and touching. His rendering of “The Land of the Leal” and “The Drunkard’s Ragged Wean” was soul-thrilling and heart-melting.

But though he was solemn on solemn occasions, he was as joyous as need be, even sportive. Not unfrequently, too, a fascinating pawky humour played upon his happy face. This became more evident at home than anywhere else, and that when he had a little spare time to give to the company and entertainment of his mother and sisters. Being the only boy, and

knowing he was so much beloved, he felt he had a special part to play in this direction.

He would sing to them and with them. He would also read to them such books as would be useful as well as entertaining. And then he would chat with them, telling them of some things he had previously read—occasionally giving the substance of some argument or incident from his carefully-selected and well-filled commonplace book.

You are, perhaps, aware of the facts that in trying to make others happy, we generally become all the happier; and that in trying to instruct or entertain others, we are likely to become wiser and more delighted ourselves. This was what he found. In pleasing others, he was himself greatly pleased. New thoughts sprung up before his mind, calling forth some striking remarks from him—sometimes original; but that on which he was always bright was the record of stirring adventure, and particularly so if associated with the name and efforts of his great hero, David Livingstone. For grandness of resolve, for steady perseverance, for daring heroism, and Christian manliness, he could see none greater, truer, and more Christ-like than the Missionary Explorer.

Such was the influence of Livingstone and his work



on the mind and heart of Ernest, that, after reading on this subject, he would burst out in song—

“ Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,  
Win and conquer—never cease ;  
May thy lasting wide dominion  
Multiply and still increase !  
Sway Thy sceptre,  
Saviour, all the world around.”





## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE HIGHER SCHOOL.

"A true efflux from the Eternal Light, like the sunbeams, does not only enlighten but heat and enliven."

**B**UT though Ernest was anxious to be kindly at home, to make all around him happy and lively, yet this worthy desire never for a moment stood in the way of true religion going home to his understanding and heart. The celestial purity and lofty nobility of character which stamped his career so wrought on his young mind that he felt the gaieties and frivolities, so generally manifest, were beneath him. His aim in life was far above such. It was higher and yet higher—*Excelsior!* as Longfellow finely puts it. He sought and found the living reality, because he did not believe in a mere name to live. But he loved the joyous, cheerful family circle and social gatherings. Faithful to relations and true to friends, he enjoyed and even courted their company ;

but to him, next to the quiet of home was the calm of retirement—alone with God. Though, as a diligent and successful student, he had all the earnestness of an enthusiast; and though ever anxious to lay up stores of information for future use, yet he found time for this holy communion.

I do not know if you can quite understand me, but I must tell you that his thoughts and affections twined themselves closer and yet closer round the family, and more particularly his mother; yet these thoughts and affections were not only heavenly but in heaven. Perhaps I should tell you the secret—from love to God flows love to man.

God's blessing on the teaching and example of his parents gave this bent—religious and devout—to his mind in early life. The tendency of this he never resisted. From the time he knew of religious duties, private or public, he was regular and attentive, and God was blessing all the time; so he only knew the saving change, the real conversion to God, from an undoubted conviction that to him salvation was the great prize, and the sustaining consolation that in Christ he saw his title to that salvation, and all it gave, was assured. But he was not without difficulties; no young inquirers are.

I need not tell you what those difficulties were, because this is not the place to explain them. . You may hear of them after this in another little book; but I will tell you what he did. They came as he sat in his room alone; not so much when he thought of the notorious wickedness and scandalous vices in which so many indulged; he could account for that—"Sin," he would say. It was the respectable Pharisee he could not understand; naming the name of Christ and being without faith, hope, charity. But he took a note of all the difficulties as they came up here, in the Sabbath school, in the church, every word of the teacher and preacher was by him carefully stored up, and every thought, which he could not clearly understand, was noted and brought before his father and then by them tested by the Word,—the pasture in which his soul was fed.

Thus he followed on to know the Lord, the truth as it was in Jesus, walking and working under the blessed sense of His protective presence; the love of God being the governing principle of his active life.

There are two big words which may be applied to not a few in our day. The words are *unproductive pietism*. But Ernest had no connection with them. His piety was real, a living and active principle; not

only worshipping God but doing good to man,—especially boys about his own age. In this direction his life was one of manifold usefulness. His zeal was ever burning, but his enthusiasm was tempered by calm thoughtfulness, and all this was enhanced by his genial kindness, engaging simplicity, and cheerful smile.

“Some, too many, laughed at the nurse when she said that Ernest was no ordinary child,” said Mrs. Sithean to her husband after they had conversed on the rapid progress they had seen and with gratitude admired.

“It is true,” was the reply ; “but there is another statement she made which is also evident. She said he was a tender child. This is troubling me very much. He does not now say much about his darling idea, but I know it so fascinates his mind as to hold him spell-bound. He has overcome much, but not this. He holds to it as if he were convinced that it has been heaven-imparted. His disposition, his aim, his training and his knowledge fit him for the evangelistic enterprise he is looking forward to, and the part he has already taken in good work, show that he is or soon will be, mentally as well as morally equipped, but there is the too evident absence of the physical

strength so much needed for that life. Shall we tell him so?"

"Leave that to me for a time," said the mother, "I shall watch. God is preparing him for some special work here or hereafter. God has said that He will make all things work together for good to them that love Him. We know this to be true, and God is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. We have committed Ernest—his spirit and soul and body—to God, let us also commit this matter to Him, and ask help truly to say to Him, 'Thy will be done.' But I shall still watch and pray."





## CHAPTER IX.

### A COMMON ERROR—AT THE SEASIDE.

“ There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes  
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.”

**M**R. SITHEAN admired and accepted this advice, and that all the readier because their son so recovered as to be able to return to his classes, and persevere with his studies, still hopeful of success.

Such was the change for the better in regard to his health that he was able to be constantly and systematically engaged from morning to evening. If not absorbed in the classics, he was attending to self-culture; or with his father, asking an explanation of some mental difficulty; or helping in what he called “the good work”—mission meetings, temperance meetings, or meetings specially for Christian instruction—in all of which he was eminently useful, mani-

festing a loving-kindness and an instinctive sagacity of one of more mature years.

This constant energy was continuously intensified by the ever-operating stimulus which takes possession of the mind of the true student filled with ardent longings after excellence and the means of its attainment. But the time came when he must relax his exertions, the necessity, this time, being more imperious than before.

If you are a strong boy, you may not be able to enter into this important part of this little history, but you may have a feeling heart, and then you may be grateful to God for the strength He has given you.

Here is a shy and naturally a retiring lad—always so when in the presence of the representatives of age, goodness, and learning. Not given to complain, thinking the best and hoping the best. In the midst of boys' sports he is joyous and even impulsive, and never behind in the little feats that amuse the young; but more than this proves to be too much for him, as it has done, and is doing to many.

Indeed, the manly and heroic in Ernest never had in it so much of the physical as of the mental and moral. This became more and more evident as he was thoughtlessly pressed into physical exercises



beyond his strength. To him a little was useful; too much proved to be injurious, and the injury was no less serious that it was unintentionally inflicted. The drill-master of the academy—either from want of thought, or having too much to do—did not exercise a sufficient vigilance with regard to the physical capabilities of the students. All had to do the same amount of drilling, and to join in the long and quick marches. And this proved too much for Ernest's slender frame, which was never robust. It not only caused him to relinquish the most trying of his studies, but laid the foundation of a serious illness.

So painful and dispiriting did this become that fears filled the minds of his parents and friends lest the cherished wishes might thus be frustrated. In time, however, he so far recovered as to be able to seek relief in change of air at the seaside.

Perhaps you, in mind, can go there with Ernest. Perhaps you have been by the sound of the sea in search of health or pleasure, and you will be glad to know that he found both.

"O papa, that is grand," he said one day, as they were seated near the brow of a gigantic cliff.

The exquisite beauty of the surrounding landscape was not unnoticed by them, but the sublime magnifi-

cence of the glittering sea had the most of Ernest's attention. The day was bright, but there was enough wind to stir the great ocean, and cause the swelling waves to rise up like so many shining mountains in the distance.

"I have often thought of life *in* the sea as well as upon it," added Ernest. "Creatures so numerous—I am told more numerous than upon earth—and so diversified in shape and attributes, and all so perfect in construction, and so useful in their way. How good God is! In love He made them all. Robert Montgomery was right when, thinking of the sublimity of the sea, he declared—

'Thou paragon of elemental powers!  
Mystery of waters! never-slumbering sea!  
Impassioned orator, with lips sublime,  
Whose waves are arguments which prove a God.'

This aptness of quotation and the sentiment expressed gladdened Mr. Sithean's heart. He himself also felt ready to exclaim—

"O glorious mirror! how thy azure face  
Renew the heavens in their magnificence!  
What awful grandeur rounds thy heavy space!  
Thy surge, two worlds eternal warring, sweeps;  
And God's throne rests on thy majestic deeps."

He, too, had been one of those who loved to study


by the seashore, and listen to the ocean's deep, mellow voice.

"I cannot tell you, papa, how I long to be on the vast bosom of that great deep;" and Ernest paused, for he was afraid he should not have expressed that wish.

It was not that he wished a sail out in one of the boats, for that he often had; the sailors on the beach all loved him. Having heard of the pet name by which his friends frequently called him, they, too, loved to call him "the Gentle Prince," and often had him with them far out on "the vast bosom of the great deep."

His father knew that he meant voyaging from land to land. Without specially noticing the earnest desire, he endeavoured to speak of home and its attractions, from which wide sea voyages sever us at once, and it may be for ever.

"Then," he added, "it not only interposes between us and our homes and all that are dear there,—the tempests at sea and the fears at home. There are wintry times as well as bright days, and there are times, too, when the storm reigns and the ocean roars in dark and starless nights, when many float away into eternity. The waves are not always rippling as we have seen



them here ever since we came. Save to-day, we have seen them rolling on as if in harmless pastime ; but there are times when they fall back only to draw in their full fearful strength to dash the more fearfully against the jagged rocks, the foamy spray rising higher than the highest cliff."

Here the father also abruptly stopped lest he might say too much. He wished to remind Ernest of the physical energy requisite to travel by sea or land, but he did not."





## CHAPTER X.

### ALONE AND YET NOT ALONE.

"Oh lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,  
Lost to the noble sallies of the soul !  
Who think it solitude to be alone."

**T**HE love of the sea, the wish to go abroad, and the hope of yet being prepared and able to take a leading part in "the good work," increased as his strength returned.

In his case, by the doctor's advice, all books, save one, the Book of books, had been prohibited. Unwilling to break the letter of command, and yet have something to look at occasionally, he asked, and had his maps. This took all sense of loneliness away, even when his father had to return to his labours, his mother to her domestic duties, or his sisters to school. Indeed, in one sense—and that a good one—he never was alone. Trained as he was, for a considerable time in the hard school of poverty, and in the discipline of

suffering—personal and relative,—yet he never lost his love of fun when it was time to be funny. As a thread in the cloth, it ran in his nature, which was often overflowing with gleefulness. Still he could settle down, and he often settled down to thoughtfulness, becoming naturally calm and sweetly placid. Even in childhood he loved to sit with his mother in the twilight, and talk of the things becoming the hour and suitable to his age—a pensive boy—fond of sitting still—enjoying the feeling that comes with quiet happiness. All this grew with his years, and was a prolific source of his pleasure and profit during his forced retirement by the sea.

No doubt in your mind you see this slender lad,—the polished springs of his sanctified nature touched and tuned by the beautiful and sublime in religion, literature and science ;—on the threshold of a holy life, so pure, so fresh, so sweet. There he wanders and meditates on the lonely shore of the deep sea,—his spirit stretching out to shores beyond his vision.

Once more he arrives at his favourite cliff, near to the brow of which he seats himself to rest, for, as yet, he cannot walk any distance without being reminded of his weakness. Still the calm is only broken by bodily pain, which as soon as it passes away, leaves him

ready for thought, fervent hope rising above the passing fear—Bible or atlas in hand.

Those large pages now laid open before him are the pages of his well-worn atlas. They bring before him what is (if not his ruling passion) his favourite and almost all-absorbing pursuit, namely, geography. The deep and important thoughts associated with the ennobling study of that grand science once more fill his mind. With him it means an inquiry into the physiology of the globe, including the mutual actions of inorganic nature upon organised beings, upon man in particular, and upon the successive development of human societies.

It was this that led him to the study of geology, natural history, and chemistry. It also greatly increased his inborn desire to travel—to see for himself, and do good as he went. For this he was prepared to plough the sea, to mount the steep, to wade the bog, to swim or sink, if only he could grow stronger. And nothing fostered this idea more than the study of his atlas, and the desire of his heart.

“I think you should allow me to take your maps home with me,” said his watchful mother, who had undertaken a hasty and an unexpected visit to this resting-place, and found him so far forgetting him-

self and his promise that she found him in deep study.

He felt confused to be thus dropped upon, and yet he was delighted to see his loving mother, and hear her precious voice.

"Perhaps it is well to remove all temptation out of the way," he said, by way of a willing consent and a ready apology.

He rose to accompany his mother to his lodgings, but felt it impossible to hide from her the fact that his debility had been increased by his rather long walk, his long time on the cliff, and his study there.

"I hope my boy is not worse," said the mother, scarcely able to restrain her grief.

"I have been too long seated on the cliff, and I feel rather stiff. That is all, I hope."

His gentle voice faltered and his loving smile was absent, but there was a moral grandeur about his prompt submission. He felt convinced he had in a measure broken his promise—not to study—and for the time he lost the peace and the joy which attend that wonderful fidelity for which he had been so remarkable. And, for the time, his strength had gone with the comfort.

"I understand you, my dear boy," said the mother



in the kindest of tones, her fine face beaming with genuine sympathy. "Your sister Ada shall leave school, and come to be your companion here. I shall come as often as possible. Papa is sure to be here on Monday, God willing. Our heavenly Father knows what is best. You know that, Ernest, my Gentle Prince. Give me such a sweet kiss, like the days when you were the sweet baby. I am your mother now, even as then."

This was her way of saying she had forgiven him, and he knew it. After that sweetly fond embrace, and the mingling of tears, that told of the strongest of filial affection and the deepest of motherly love, they felt as happy in each other as before.





## CHAPTER XI.

### ERNEST SEES A SUGGESTIVE "SIGN."

"The sign and the thing signified."

**T**HE mother spent the rest of the day before her return home in careful thought and silent prayer—that is, as much of it as she could give to that purpose and attend to the little wants and many questions of her son. The prayer was simple and real—

"God tell me what to say to my boy, and how to say it. God bless my boy with patience, strength, and wisdom. God give us all the support necessary to enable us to say, 'Thy will be done.' God bless Ada's visit to her brother."

Much as she wished, she could not tell Ernest that she too, as well as his father, was convinced that, even should his present illness pass away and he become much stronger, he could not expect to become strong

enough for evangelistic work abroad, far less to follow Dr. Livingstone as a medical missionary.

"May I come home to-night, and bring Ada with me here to-morrow?" he asked, conscious of his weakness.

This was agreed to; and mother and son surprised those at home on their arrival there.

Next day, however, was the school examination, and the governess pleaded that Ada remain till it was over.

This, too, was agreed to; and Ernest, to his great joy, accompanied his father to the other side of the great city. This was a renewal of his delight. The conversation—chiefly asking and answering questions—went on as before, as they passed on here and called in there. Those on whom the father called were glad to see the son once more.

"The gentle lad seems as if a little better," said a poor bed-ridden man, in a dark, damp kitchen. "He has the father's disposition but not his strength. Too much study, I fear."

"Not so," said the neighbour to whom the old man spoke, for Ernest and his father had gone. "I understand the doctor says that the physical exercises at the academy were beyond the dear lad's strength,

and that this has brought on a severe illness that is difficult to remove. His mind is stronger than his body. It will be a pity if he breaks down. He is a lad of fine promise, and we need all the likes o' him; but his father would miss him most. He is so useful to him. He is a fine writer, and would soon be a good speaker. He is going again to the seaside to-morrow. We will pray for him."

Whilst this conversation was going on among those who, because of God's blessing on Mr. Sithean's visits, had reason to rejoice in God as the God of salvation as well as the God of providence; whilst these earnest desires were being expressed, the father and son were earnestly inspecting the outside of a noted Gin Palace, attention to which had been called by the peculiarity of the "sign."

As you have no doubt noticed, the public-house signs are a great curiosity. As you begin to think of some of the names of those of them you know, you might be ready to laugh if you did not think of the great and mighty evil that is done within them and by the drink that comes out of them. Ernest thought of this, for he had seen this evil and heard his father speak of it. He was so moved by this evil—a triune evil, the drink, the drinking, and the drunkenness—

that he said he would rejoice to see all the intoxicating drink in London poured in the mouth of the Thames but for two reasons: 1, That all the fish would be killed; and 2, that more of the same killer would be sent to supply the place of what had poisoned the sea and all that was in it.

"He must have been a Band of Hope boy," you say, and you are right. He was a true Band of Hope boy as well as an earnest Sabbath School scholar. He had never tasted strong drink, and he was ever ready to plead with those of his own age,—and others older as well as younger—that they, too, never taste it.

"Do you know, Papa, that that public house sign we saw to-day will be the subject of my first temperance lecture," said Ernest, after he had returned home.

"Poor, dear lad!" said the mother to herself, "he is so hopeful, and he might rally if he could be persuaded to give up the thought of going abroad; travelling would kill him in a short time, and then he is so beloved here by all who know him. God guide!"

"Are you ill, mamma?" he asked, seeing her so absorbed in thought that she almost thought aloud. "I would not trouble you about this lecture if you felt ill, or wearied, or anxious. Only, if I could tell you

all I think now, my lecture would be as long as some of papa's, when he got more than usually in earnest—fully fired, you know, mamma. I am afraid Ada would tempt me by calling her brother 'a young Orator,' as well as 'a Gentle Prince'; which would Mabel like best?"

And his beautiful countenance was once more lit up by a gleam of pawky humour blended by subdued fun. In his subject he saw the ridiculous as well as the sorrowful.

"I would like both," said Mabel thoughtfully. "It would be so nice for any young Prince to be a young Orator; but more for good than money."

"Well done, Mabel," said the father, and gave her a kiss. "But how would Ernest divide his subject?"

"Into three heads," said the young speech-maker.

"And a 'closing word,'" said Ada, and laughed right out; "but not so long as papa's 'closing word,' which sometimes takes ten minutes to pronounce. The closing word of his evening sermon last Sunday had in it about a thousand syllables. I counted till I was tired, and then it was not ended."

"Ah! you naughty Ada you are, to speak that way of papa's sermons," said Ernest, in one of his most

fondling tones, patting her cheek. "These would be my three heads :—

1. The plumage of an angel.
2. The stomach of a thief.
3. The voice of a demon."

"Splendid!" exclaimed the father, at once perceiving the appropriate line of thought suggested by the sign and the house that held it out as *a draw*.

"And what was the gin-palace sign?" asked the mother.

"It was the Peacock," said Ernest.





## CHAPTER XII.

### THE POWER OF A SISTER.

“There are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection.”

**M**Y young friends, you perhaps have arrived at the correct conclusion, that our “Gentle Prince” is not now a *mere* boy. Indeed, he never was. It is true he was not without many of the leading characteristics of boyhood, particularly those connected with its loveliness—lovely, playful, and happy. Like all of you, he once had his play-things, too; so many that his pockets and his little box for such could not hold them.

If you are a boy, you have your knife, your chalk, or red keel, or pencil; your nice sling and top;—all mixed with bread-crumbs. So had Ernest. You have had your young friends, too, with whom you have striven and loved together in mutual confidence. So had he. For no special reason—save, perhaps, to



gratify the pride of rivalry—you have engaged in hair-breadth adventures; you have desired to do something and be somebody. So did he.

Still he never was a *mere* boy, nor was he now a *mere* youth. A writer says he approves of the youth that has something of the old man in him; also, that he is pleased with an old man who has something of the youth. According to this he would approve of Ernest at the time he returned to the seaside accompanied by his sister. Then his was a time of enterprise and hope, but more than once he had to compare what remaining strength he had with the opposing power that stood in the way to the gaining of the object of his life. He had done all, and, for the moment, all seemed to be in vain; and yet his noble ambition remained. He was unwilling to think he was persevering in a course his parents wished him to leave, for a time at least; and yet he felt all was as if he was opposing their wishes. The pleasure he sought was the pleasure of being useful to those in need of help; but such was his strong desire to carry out his plans, that neither pain nor disappointment was able to subdue him; all things combined failed to enforce the dictates of philosophy. But his companion, Ada, became stronger than philosophy, though she

only knew the meaning of it by turning up the dictionary.

"Now, Ernest, let us have a happy time of it, romping about as we did years ago. As little reading, as little thinking as possible, and no worshipping of the sea. Scampering, talking, and singing, with plenty of milk and whole-meal bread. I am going to laugh and grow fat. As papa says, God made man for happiness. I say boys and girls, too. We are young, and the days are bright. Come, Ernest, promise, and give me another kiss."

This little oration came from Ada upon Ernest like a thunderbolt. The kiss was given, and she held that as equal to "Yes." But he stood and silently admired her beautiful countenance, lit up by that sweet loveliness which comes with an aspiring enthusiasm to fill life with brightness.

She spoke in love, and that carried her beyond herself, and her words went to the very core of his soul. Such was the effect upon him that there was not much of the figurative in his words when, to himself, he said, "Ada is now able to be my general, and I shall place myself under her command."

For a time matters went on pretty much as she wished, as may be gathered from one of her letters :—

"DEAR MAMMA,—Our Gentle Prince is all right. He is doing what I wish, just as if I were his mother. And there is such an improvement in his health. He can walk as far as I can walk, and run as fast as I can run. His voice has come back to him as strong as ever, and he can sing as beautiful as before. I am getting to *the point*. I am learning to be 'as cunning as a witch,' so he says. I think he half understands my aim,—to persuade him not to think of going abroad. Still he talks about Africa and the poor people there; about geography and tries in vain to make me as wise as he is upon that point; and now to this he has added Engineering and Shipbuilding. But I permit him to go on, and then make him laugh by some silly nonsense of mine. When he becomes too serious for me I bring him round by asking some ridiculous question, such as, 'How did you like my doll when we were children?' Then he would say 'O Ada! Ada!' I know I have so far conquered. I hope I may never be called worse. I tell him it was to be happy that I came, and then it is such a victory to pull him down from his calm dignity and see his former genial cheeriness again light up his manly face. I *idolize* him, and love shall be the conqueror.

"Do kiss papa and our sisters for us. Tell him to

take such a number in return. I am glad you are coming, but I hope to win the day before that. I believe with you that all depends upon God, but then the King—even the King of kings—may be pleased to bless His little princess. ADA."

"*P.S.*—Tell papa to think how rich he is. I did not read this to Ernest as he might have asked some very difficult questions. I hope I will read my next to him."

Young faith and strong love caused Ada to persevere in her mission. She felt she was commissioned to save the life of her brother. To this end, she was enabled to bridle her tongue and control her feelings as she listened to the anxious words of her dear brother, an anxiety made up of trembling fear and strong desire; a fear first of not being able to do anything worth while and then of not being able to do anything at all.

The mother paid another visit and was glad to see improvement in the health and spirits of her son, and astonished to see the trust, the tact, and the tenacity of her daughter.

"Treat me to the singing of some of your favourites," said the mother, as they were seated in the neat parlour; and Ada led the way by singing "Who is a

Brave Man?"—a song she knew her brother loved, and which they learned at the Band of Hope.

It was a touching scene. They held each other by the hand. Ada and her mother saw the answer in Ernest, and their sensitive emotion went direct to his heart. They sung and wept, and sung and wept. When they sung the last line, the mother embraced her son and daughter. This is the song :—

“ Who is a brave man? Who?  
He who dares defend the right,  
When right is mis-called wrong.  
He who shrinks not from the fight,  
When weak contends with strong.  
Who, fearing God, fears none beside,  
And dares do right, whate’er betide.  
This man hath courage true.

“ Who is a free man? Who?  
He who finds his chief delight  
In keeping God’s commands.  
He who loves whate’er is right,  
And hath to sin no bonds.  
From every law but one set free—  
The perfect law of liberty.  
This man hath freedom true.

“ And who is a noble man?  
He who scorns all words or deeds  
That are not just and true.  
He whose heart for suffering bleeds ;  
Is quick to feel and do,

Whose noble mind will ne'er descend  
To do what's wrong to foe or friend.  
This is a noble man ! ”

“ And you remember that other song, Ada, we liked so much—that about the ship,” said Ernest, in a tone that left no doubt as to his wish to hear it again.

What was she to do? She looked to her mother, but could see no direction in her face. He had yielded so much to her that she could not refuse, so she sung—

“ O'er the foaming billows  
Of the mighty sea,  
See the vessel bounding ;  
Merrily goes she.  
Hark ! the crew are hailing  
Friends on land once more.  
God preserve their sailing  
To the distant shore ! ”

More she could not sing. She was overwhelmed by emotion. In imagination, she saw Ernest in the ship, and felt she would never see him more.

For a time, silence reigned. At last, however—seeing the course the thoughts as well as the imagination had taken—the mother asked that they sing the hymn ending “ Thy will be done.”

This they did. It was greatly blessed. It soothed

as well as melted all hearts, and led to an animating and pleasing conversation.

Before the mother left for home, all was on a fair way to the desired consent.

“What made Ada cry so much yesterday?” asked Ernest, on the day following his mother’s visit. “Are you not willing that I give myself to the work, and go abroad, when I am prepared and stronger?”

“I am willing that you give yourself to God and His work, but you are not strong enough to go abroad. If you were at that work at home, and became ill, we could nurse you, and make you comfortable. You wish to work for God. God wishes you to work as long as possible, and you could work longer at home than abroad. It would be like tearing our life out to part with you; but I would consent, so would papa and mamma, and Mabel, and even baby would give you a farewell blessing, if you were able to work. But as we know you could do a like work at home, when you recover, and have us to care for you. We all wish you to consent to remain at home, at least, till you become a strong man. I think that this is God’s will; papa and mamma think so too. And I know it is your wish to say to God, ‘Thy will be done.’ You will think about this, I know you will. You know papa says,

God works in us that we may will and do of *His* good pleasure."

Ernest was again filled with amazement. He felt sure God had sent Ada as a sweet guardian angel, and had given her the words she spoke.

"God has enabled me to yield to your advice, Ada," he said that evening, after being much alone in prayer.

Ada kissed him so lovingly and tenderly.







## CHAPTER XIII.

### VICTORY PROCLAIMED—THE LAST SAIL.

“Thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.”

“**V**ICTORY! mamma, victory! Dear Ernest has consented, fully consented. Last night he slept soundly, and looks so refreshed and feels so happy. He is to follow out his studies, nevertheless, as soon as he has recovered sufficiently. He thinks it requires as much learning and heart and love to be useful at home as abroad. I think he is right. He is conquering me right and left. I am to become a worker too. Tell dear papa we wish him to be ‘Mondayish,’ so that he may try to come down to see how happy we are—I was nearly saying ‘jolly,’ but papa would not like that word. I feel as light as a feather, and as bright as a lark.”

So wrote Ada; and she gave Ernest a read of the letter before she posted it.

"But you have not a P.S.," he said, with a smile.  
 "Let me add a line," and he wrote :—

"Dear Ada is quite right. She is so happy that she does not know what to make of herself. I shall tell you all when we meet ; but she has given you a true account in her *own* way. God is in it all.

"E. S."

It is impossible to tell the joy this letter gave at home. Mr. Sithean paid the desired visit and found matters going on to his heart's content. The mother and Mabel and baby also spent a few days at the sea-side so happily. A few weeks more and Ernest wrote :—

"DEAR PAPA,—I am so much better in health and now so strong that I think we should return home. Ada, my sage (and sometimes very unsage) governess, thinks home would be another change, and I am sure it would be a happy one. But we wait your opinion and dear mamma's. Ada wishes to be remembered to all and to send in this a thousand kisses—500 for herself and 500 for me,—250 for each of you. Surely that will do till we arrive, and then—

"This affliction and Ada, by God's blessing, have brought me to myself. *Now*, it is not my will but

God's will. I shall pray to know His will and pray for courage to do it. My object is the same, but my plans are lined out subject to God's will and way.

"More when we meet, from your affectionate and grateful son,  
"ERNEST SITHEAN."

The next day was that appointed for the return home. But afternoon was the time named, so that after breakfast they had their accustomed walk by the sea, which happened to be somewhat heavy.

"We would have a splendid sail to-day," said Ernest, his eyes gleaming with joy, as he looked at wave after wave, as it spent the remaining strength on the shore. "We are invited to have our last sail before leaving. It is a splendid boat, and Tom is a brave sailor. Let us go. We can return quite in time for dinner."

Ada felt she would rather not; but she was unwilling to refuse, he having yielded to her wishes in all things. So they continued their walk, until they arrived at the point from which the boat was shortly to start.

Roughly did the boat rock and roll, as it lay restrained by the chain which bound it to the jetty. Ada looked as if her fear increased, and this was not unobserved by Ernest.

"There is nothing to be frightened at, Tom?" he asked, addressing the sailor, who had taken a very special interest in him and Ada.

"Frightened! I should think not, with a boat such as ours, Captain," said the sailor. "Our little miss will be a guardian angel. Frightened! No sailor is frightened. A nice stiff breeze; that is all. Five minutes, Miss Sithean, and we turn adrift."

This reply encouraged Ada a little—so much so that she resolved not to refuse to go. And Ernest at this time called attention to the snowy white foam in the distance, adding, "We shall have a splendid ride. It will be so nice to tell all at home about our last sail."

"I warn thee, Tom," said an old woman, who had been listening. She was considered to be half witch and half wise. She procured the means of existence by the pence she received for fortune-telling. The sailors did not think much of her. They showed their disregard of her counsel by doing the reverse of what she advised.

"Would my little sweet angel stay with me till her brother return?" she asked Ada.

"I prefer to go with my brother," was the reply.

"I warn thee, Tom," added the old woman.

"Now, Captain," said Tom, addressing Ernest, and heedless of what the woman had said.

The boat was unfastened. Ernest was seated among the others who had ventured to face the waves. Ada is waiting for Tom to carry her from the beach to the boat. The seventh, eighth, and ninth wave had each caused Ada to run away, as if the sea were after her. This last one, however, was the strongest, and, ere she was aware, she found herself clasped in the arms of the old woman, who was now making her way speedily from the seaside.

This so took the people by surprise that they for a time stood as if petrified. At last they went in pursuit, but Tom was the first to overtake and recapture the girl, and in a short time the boat was bounding far out on the billows.

Ernest held Ada by the hand. Every minute or so he would say, "This is grand, this is grand."

All of a sudden the sun disappeared. The clouds gathered together, and all seemed dark, even as midnight. The rain came. The wind became tempestuous.

"I told them so. That boat cannot live. I am innocent of any bad intention. I meant to save the dear girl, and make her brother come after her, and so be saved this awful storm."

So said the old woman, now taken in charge for attempting to steal Ada. Being told that all this interest in the young lad and his sister was only a sham, and that she knew nothing of the coming storm, she added—

“I have studied storms among the mountains and by the sea. I know more of the lad than any here, and if ever he is brought to shore alive I shall reveal myself to him. His mother would know me. I have been watching him with a mother’s care. Let me go to prove what I say. Master Sithean would bail me out were he here. My poor, dear boy!”

And she wept, and brought tears to those around. The watering-place was stirred from the centre, and many ran to the sea-shore. They talked and conjectured, but no boat could be seen. There were other precious lives in it, but Ernest and his sister were the two about whom all were most concerned.

“Come by first train. Master Ernest and Miss Ada cannot come home alone. I advise this. I shall keep them till you come.”

So wired the good lady where they had lodged.

“Expect me in time for the train by which they are timed. I shall come on to your house,” was Mr. Sithean’s reply. And he came, but neither son nor

daughter was there. He was told all that had happened, and seeing there was no hope of returning that night, he wired home :

“It is a great storm here; we had better not return till to-morrow.”

The night came, but no boat. The storm ceased somewhat. The moon gave out a faint light, and people stared in vain across the sea, which was now comparatively calm. . At last some stars appeared, and several boats went out towards the accustomed course.

“This is from an old woman in the cell, detained to be brought up before the Magistrates to-morrow for attempting to steal Miss Sithean,” said a police officer, handing a letter to Mr. Sithean, who was now anxiously looking and waiting. “She was told you had arrived, and we could not refuse to deliver her message. She is harmless generally, but this is a serious charge.”

After reading the letter, by the aid of a lantern, Mr. Sithean asked what bail was required, and went to relieve the woman.

“You go home, and I shall tell you when the boat comes,” he said to her, and left to rejoin those on the sea shore.

Morning came. The boats returned, but not *the*

boat. I will not attempt to describe the emotion. Fear was now universal. But everyone spoke well of Tom ; of his skill and his courage.

“A boat with several passengers has been driven ashore here. All are helplessly exhausted ; some are all but dead, particularly the two youngest. Every available means are being applied.”

Thus run the telegraph from a neighbouring port—the boat having upon her the name of the place from which she sailed.

All who could availed themselves of every possible means of reaching the haven where their relatives and friends lay nigh unto the death. But ere he left, Mr. Sithean again wired home : “It is my intention not to return home to-night, likely to-morrow.”







## CHAPTER XIV.

### A RELAPSE—TWO LETTERS.

“A brother’s sufferings claim a brother’s pity.”

“Reproach is the reward  
Of candid friendship, that disdains to hide  
Unpalatable truth.”

**T**HIS telegram had the opposite effect of what Mr. Sithean expected. The mother’s suspicions were roused, and she left home in all haste, but *not* to find husband, nor son, nor daughter. She, however, learned that Ernest and Ada were recovering, and would be taken home direct as soon as they could be removed.

“Is it possible?” said Mrs. Sithean, after the old woman had convinced her that she was no other than Ernest’s nurse, who had been affectionately watching his footsteps, but could not tell who she was.

The magistrates were satisfied, and delivered the old woman to the care of Mrs. Sithean.

The nurse and mother, thus met once more, went home as soon as the luggage was got ready and the time for the train starting had arrived.

They had not been home more than two hours, when the father, with Ernest and Ada, arrived.

Language cannot describe the scene. In time the invalids recovered so that they could listen to the story about nurse—for the old woman who attempted to run off with Ada was now under the same roof, comfortable and so much changed in appearance.

A few weeks more and this sailing episode could be talked of without a sigh. The sufferers quite revived, and Ernest re-entered upon his studies with a new vigour. For a time he carried out the plans which he had sketched and sent with the letter we have given. However, these plans were slightly modified after consulting with the doctor.

His desire was to study as patiently if not so closely as before ; but the doctor said it must be *quietly* and that, to this end, the excitement of competition in the class-room must be avoided ;—that whatever more knowledge was necessary it must be imparted to him privately.

For a considerable time this worked well, but as his application became more and more intense, the menac-

ing symptoms of the ailment from which he had suffered so much returned ; and the alarm increased as the feeling of lassitude crept over him day after day until he was again forced to give way once more.

Still his hope continued lively. The season being favourable, he and Ada returned to the sea side. This time Ada had no difficulty to contend with, her brother being much wiser in regard to the means of recovery.

Willingly and at once he suspended all mental exertion, in the sense of laying his books and even his maps aside ; but he could not so easily free his mind from his duty in regard to others in whose welfare he was interested. He had entered more fully into the good work, and the cases of those under his care stood out before his mind. To many such he wrote when he could not call. This is one of his numerous letters :—

“DEAR FRIEND,—I am not able to call as often as I wish, and now that my own sufferings are such that I must leave home for a time, I feel I must write, if only a few lines. God has taught me to feel for others’ woes, and given me a heart to do so. I believe ‘a brother’s sympathy claims a brother’s pity ;’ and that the young should feel for the old. One of our

school exercises brought out an idea which I will always remember, 'Not being untutored in suffering, I learn to pity those in affliction.' But my pity has never, as yet, been so practical as I could wish. All I can do is through God. I mean I can only pray to God. But whether I write or visit, I am praying.

"I was so sorry to hear, through my dear father, that the doctor did not come to try to relieve your pain. But he may have some reason to give. Parish doctors have too much to do, and some of them do not do all they should. They are all men, but they are not all Christian men. I believe every physician should be under the Great Physician, and that time may yet come. We may earnestly wish for it, though we cannot bring it about as soon as we wish. But this we may do—become an example of an important duty and blessed privilege, that every patient should place himself or herself under the treatment and care of that Great Physician. Whatever other physicians or doctors may do, this one will be true and kind, present and helpful—a very present help in every time of need. What a consolation, even in the midst of pain, to know and realise that this Great Physician is near! Of course, I mean the sympathising Jesus. A mother's sympathy, a father's sympathy, a sister's

sympathy, a brother's sympathy, a friend's sympathy, are all good, and God blesses them; but the sympathy of Jesus is *the* sympathy. He is the sovereign Physician, and has the healing power. He has the heavenly balm to heal every wound. As you well know, I now refer to spiritual maladies, and who does not have them? But we know the state of mind greatly affects the state of the body and has much to do with the cure of physical pain. At all events the Great Physician can, and He does make *all things*—even physical maladies—work together for good to them that love Him. And that is *the* great point for us.

“I hope to call when I return to town. My prayer is for your speedy recovery, your present comfort and essential happiness.

“In your prayers remember your suffering friends.

“ERNEST SITHEAN.”

He believed in those whom he assisted, and they loved him in return.

Being open and hearty and kindly, he also drew to him not a few of those of his own age, who sought his friendship. Some partially, but only one, succeeded; and that only for a time. Ernest was in no way deficient in any of the elements of true friendship; nor

was it that he was inclined to draw back from those to whom he had been drawn to devote attention. Indeed, the reverse of this was the case with him. Towards such his zeal was truly generous, and no effort was too great if thereby he could help or save. To him, disappointment came in this direction as a blow. He suffered long and yet hoped the best.

All this had happened ere the time we find him again at the seaside in search of health as may be gathered from another of his letters written at this time :—

“DEAR HARRY,—Now that I am once more laid aside, I am trying to overtake some letters which my studies prevented from attending to so promptly as I wished, and this to you is one of them, because of its importance, to me at least.

“It is said there is a friendship that arises from interest, and another from pleasure, but I only know of one true friendship and that arises from virtue. So far as I am concerned that between you and myself was founded on this last foundation. Let this fact stand as answer to one part of your letter.

“It is virtue—courage to be pure and true and noble—to stand out, against sin and for Christ—it is that virtue, and not so much a likeness of inclination

to follow the same calling, that is requisite to form that benevolence in two minds towards each other which is called friendship. I thought you possessed that virtue. I did so even when you went with the ungodly—thinking you had been misled and hoping you might soon see the error and the danger of the way. You not only walked with the ungodly, you stood with avowed sinners and sinned with them. And now, you have arrived at the climax of wickedness—you sit with those who scorn God and good,—in this you take a part. So the link that bound us together in the ties of friendship is broken. Let this stand as my answer to another part of your letter.

“You ask that I do not cast you off. If that means you wish whatever may be in my power to advise you and help you to the right way through the right means, you may calculate on whatever I can do, suffering as I am ; but I cannot now regard you as my friend as you were. How can two walk together unless they be agreed ? Until you leave the companionship of the wicked, until you return to God who is ready to forgive you and receive you, we must part as friends. It is hard to say so, but were I to do otherwise I would be countenancing all you do that is wrong, and so help to mislead you. This would not be right.”



## CHAPTER XV.

### CONSULTING THE PHYSICIAN.

“ This world is full of beauty as other world above ;  
If mankind did their duty it might be full of love.”

“ A wise physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,  
Is more than armies to the public weal.”

**A**FTER some weeks of change and the sea-breeze, Ernest recovered somewhat—but not so completely as before. Every attack added to his weakness, and added to his unfitness for study, exercise, and visiting. Then he grew tall as well as weak, but he remained hopeful and cheerful. The chief point of difference in his habits was an evident desire to be more frequently alone with his mother, from whom he had drawn some of his happiest inspirations, and with whom he now talked even more freely about spiritual matters—growth in grace and the means of usefulness—telling his purposes and revealing his plans.



Sometimes, too, he would have long conversations with his father, especially on the Mondays, bringing before their minds both thoughts and things of the greatest moment.

"Perhaps you would like to have the opinion of some consulting physician. These reiterated relapses are making you so weak, that it is proper to have the best possible advice," said the father, who had been quietly watching and carefully studying the symptoms of what he feared was a serious illness.

"If you and mamma think such to be necessary, I should like to consult your good friend, the Professor. He is so sensible, and knows so much, and is a Christian gentleman. He would tell us what he thought. But mamma thinks my suffering has its root in the over-strain. I have not been really well since, and my food has scarcely been of any use to me since. And then I am growing so much taller. This may not be in my favour. I have consulted our medical books, and that is my opinion."

"That is my opinion, too. I shall write to make an appointment to-morrow," added his father.

They went at the time appointed, and returned home with glowing anticipations of recovery.

After minute inquiry and a most careful examination, the Professor said—

“I see no reason why the young man may not in time be as strong as I am, if the food could be made to be useful to him.”

Father and son were glad. They noted the *if*, but hope soon put that little word aside. After a short pause, the learned physician added—

“His bodily condition is painfully sad, and the debility may well cause alarm ; but, as yet, there is no signs of chest disease. The malady is derangement of the liver. But there is room for hope, and it is well to cling even to the whisperings of hope. This prescription will no doubt help, but we must try the effect of a sea-voyage or two ; the first not to be a long one, and not to be entered upon before a fortnight from this. Come to see me before you leave.”

The gratitude, the cheerfulness, the liveliness, which followed this visit to the West-end, cannot be described. The news spread. All hearts were glad ; and, within a week after this consultation, a letter came from the manager of an old established steam-ship company, telling how much pleasure it would give him to give a practical turn to the physician's advice. This friend added : “The ship will be ready

to sail in ten days, and the captain will be glad to learn if Ernest is likely to be able then to leave for Spain."

"The very kind of voyage that is required, to begin with, at least," wrote the Professor, after he had read the kind letter containing this generous offer. "But there must be a special guard against undue excitement. Over-joy may at times do as much harm as deep sorrow. He requires the greatest care. When the body is so weak, the mind cannot retain its former strength. I do not blame the study for his illness. He is one to whom all that is natural comes easy. I blame the strain on his body. Many suffer after the same manner. Oh that those in charge of our youth would be more careful and watchful!"





## CHAPTER XVI.

### HOPE RUNS HIGH.

“ Hope is like the cork to the net, which keeps the soul from sinking in despair.”

I WISH I could describe to you the change in this house, as seen since Ernest and his father went to consult the physician.

A writer has truly said, “ There are hopes, the bloom of whose beauty would be spoiled by the trammels of description ; too lovely, too delicate, too sacred for words.”

This is exactly the character of the hope that rose and ran high, soaring up to heaven. Here it was as

“ The beauteous sun,  
Which colours all it shines upon.”

All seemed to become more vigorous, the minds abler to advise, and the hands to execute. They rose up earlier, and yet the day seemed to pass more quickly away.

Even the malady which before had threatened the hope of that home became subdued, and Ernest was able to take a part in the preparation for the voyage. In him—as in every heart of that home—gratitude was abounding ; but there was a mental conflict going on. He pondered over the words of the Professor, which stirred the hope, not only that he might recover, but become as strong even as the strong doctor.

“In that event,” he reasoned with himself, “am I breaking my promise if I still think of following Livingstone in his good work?”

None could strive harder, by God's help, to keep his conscience irreproachable. Everything having in it the least resemblance to a lie he hated with an utter hatred. Hence he felt he must, in this also, conscientiously fulfil his promise; nevertheless, once more his memory brought before him the life and work of the great Missionary Explorer. The general features of his wonderful career stood before him in all their beauty and nobility. The stirring incidents which made up the remarkable elements of this heroic life were to Ernest instructive as well as interesting, valuable as well as fascinating. The parentage of this great, good man, as also his thirst for knowledge, his struggles to rise, his preparation for the work upon

which he had set his heart, his continued perseverance, his amazing energy, his journeys and discoveries, his daring adventures and marvellous escapes, even to the minutest details—as found in his own graphic descriptions of the places, the things, the men, and the habits of other lands—had been to Ernest a profitable and an encouraging study.

I am sure, when you are able to read these romantic records—which now include his memorable death, the return of his body to his native land, and his burial in Westminster Abbey—when you read and think of all these things, you will not be astonished at the attention they received from Ernest Sithean. If you ever come to study and value geography and revel in explorations, as Ernest did, you will not be astonished to think that he was induced to linger over the descriptions of travels so suggestive as well as amusing. Our Gentle Prince did not only see, in his hero, his idea of a Christian philanthropist, he also saw in his work one of the brightest and best of illustrations of Christian philanthropy.

It was while the mind of Ernest was thus bent and absorbed that Ada joined him, with the view of winning him over to a little innocent amusement in which she and Mabel and Baby were each to take a part.

Though he was scarcely in humour for this, he readily yielded for a short time.

"May we come again soon?" asked Baby, as she was called, though she was now beginning to feel ashamed of the name.

"Ada will tell you when," was the reply, and Ernest put his thin fingers under the chin of his youngest sister, turned up her face towards his, and imprinted a sweet kiss upon her lovely, rosy cheek.

Mabel, also unwilling to leave, being anxious to have a little more "fun," hid in the corner of the room, placing a newspaper before her to keep her from view.

"They are so happy," said Ada, by way of apology, for she saw he was not quite equal to the little sport that had just ended. It was also evident to her that they had dropped in upon him when he had been deeply engaged in thought.

"Come along, Mabel," she added; "here is Baby again. Ernest wishes to study a little. He will invite us when he is ready for us," and she led her sisters out like a little old nurse.

"Even to be a good worker at home," he said to himself, still thinking of Livingstone and his work; "even to be a good worker at home, it is well to study his life and character, if only one can learn the

secret of his success. And yet, if I continue this line of thought, I may find myself tempted to desire to break my promise, and so break my peace. This inquiry will be time enough when I become stronger."

Ernest was truthful. He did not promise readily, but when the promise was given he was not the one to break it. Nor was he able to persuade himself to try to get out by any side way. The promise made to his sister—and through her to his parents—was given after thought, and he had never regretted making it. But now he felt as if he saw the condition realised when he might have the consent of all to follow out his first thoughts and strong desires. Already he saw himself a strong man, but he at last felt it would be wrong to give way, even to that which was uppermost in his mind.

It was very remarkable that this conditional promise was also filling the minds of the family at the same time. But this was not made known to him till Ada once rushed in upon him saying she had come with good news to him.

"‘It never rains but it pours,’" he said, the smile of expectancy lighting up his countenance. "What more good news? You are ‘a sister of mercy’ in the best sense."



"Guess, Ernest. You remember the promise you made to me," said Ada. "You have kept it, and all of us are glad. But now that there is a prospect of your becoming a strong man, papa and mamma and Mabel, too, wish me to relieve you of that promise. And I am also willing."

Both hearts were filled, and for a time they held each other by the hand in silence. At last he said—

"That being the case, I shall go when I am strong, if we see that it is the will of God. Ada and Mabel and baby, too, will pray for me, that I may serve God in His way, which is sure to be the best way."

A few more days passed. Every mind and hand were busy preparing for the voyage. All in the house seemed to be even more deeply in sympathy with Ernest, responding heartily to all his purposes and plans, which accorded with all they had seen of his pure and noble and heroic character.

"The ship sails in three days."

Such was the chief sentence in the telegram. Friends came to console and to encourage Ernest. And the time came to see the physician and receive the final directions.

"You seem to be rather weaker these few days

past," said Mr. Sithean to Ernest, as they were on their way to the west end.

"I feel it, but I am not willing to believe it," was the reply; and they went on their way by means of the omnibus to the place appointed.

At first the doctor was cheerful, especially when he heard how things were working together for good, as he supposed. He, however, asked several sifting questions, the answers to which suggested the propriety of another examination of the emaciated body.

"Do not let Ernest leave his natural nurse for a week at least," whispered the physician to the father. "One of the lungs is touched—the result of his weakness. He must not sail with *this* ship. I must see him in a few days."

"What did the Professor say?" asked Ernest, suppressing emotion. "I heard the words, '*this ship*.' Am I going? I saw a cloud pass over his cheerful face when he had sounded my chest."

"His advice is that you should *not* go with this ship. He does not like the increased weakness I observed and you have felt. He thinks he knows the cause, and wishes to see you in a few days. And he thinks mamma is the best nurse—for a time, at least.

I think so, too, and I am sure you are of the same opinion. She is a precious mamma—so full of love, so skilful, and so tender. So—”

Mr. Sithean could not say more without betraying emotion.





## CHAPTER XVII.

### NEARING HOME—LATEST EFFORTS.

“Whate’er my doom,  
I cannot be unhappy. God hath given me  
The boon of resignation.”

“**E**RNEST has suddenly become weaker. The physician says he cannot leave with this ship. Letter follows.”

Such was the telegram sent to the kind friend who was so ready to try to help.

The weakness increased. The pulsings became gradually more feeble and irregular. The short, dry, husky cough became troublesome on rising in the morning; and at times he felt unable to sing.

“The other lung is affected,” said the physician, when in the act of leaving after another careful examination. “This is rapid; not more than a week. He has not strength left to resist. Think no more of that voyage. Likely, in a few weeks he will have reached the blessed

haven—the rest that remaineth for the people of God. Tell the dear lad his labour is not lost. All the preparations made for usefulness at home or in other lands are needed in ‘The Better Land.’ Tell him in your own way. In disposition and habit he is ready for ‘The land that is fairer than day.’ That even will be sore to bear, but your loss will be his gain. Ernest has done his work well—a short, but fruitful life.”

You will say that this was a kind doctor, to speak so wisely and so truthfully to the parents. He was a physician according to Ernest’s heart—a physician under the Great Physician.

“How was Ernest to be told?” you may well ask.

Wisely, calmly, tenderly.

“Who told Ernest?” you also ask.

His mother.

“My son is still a prince? a son of the Great King, the King of kings? Would my son like the Prince of Peace to come for him at the proper time, and to go to the place He has prepared? Perhaps, it is nearly ready. The Queen’s seat at Westminster is prepared by man; your seat in heaven is prepared by God. You *are* a prince, my dear,

and your crown will be given you in a few weeks at most. The physician has just told me to tell you."

"Does papa know?" asked Ernest, calmly—much more calmly than could have been expected.

"Do Ada, Mabel, and Baby?" was his next question.

"I understand you, mamma," he added, without waiting for the answers.

There was a little uneasiness, caused by bodily pain, no doubt aggravated by the inevitable yet suppressed emotion. But there were no signs of alarm. With all the calm solemnity of which he was master, he said—

"I have had some such thoughts. I shall not say fears, because I am not afraid to die. I shall never die. Death to this poor body will be liberty to my saved soul. Papa knows that all is right, but you will tell him what the doctor says. Tell him to bear up. We shall *all* meet, not *one* missing. That is God's will. It is very trying to part. My heart is in every one of your hearts, and all yours are in mine; but we are also all in God's heart, and He will help us all. Get my dear sisters to sing our child-hymn. You know—

“ ‘Here we suffer grief and pain ;  
Here we meet to part again :  
In heaven we part no more.  
O, that will be joyful,  
When we meet to part no more ! ’ ”

“Some time after, when you have not so much pain,” said the mother, kissing her precious son and smoothing his pillow.

Think of this, my young friends. How would it have been with you? Ernest was weak in body, but strong in mind. Was it his own strength? No. Whose strength, then, was it? The strength of God. How did he get it? By faith in God ; by accepting God’s invitation as found in the Gospel. And now he could contemplate death with a calm composure.

“I hope the doctor has not prohibited visitors, because I wish to see some,” said Ernest, handing his mother a list, at the foot of which was written, “One each day, as long as I am able.”

Somehow or other, the news went abroad that Ernest was as good as dead, only he was useful to the last. Letter after letter followed each other. Visitor after visitor called. Each was the bearer of a meed of praise. But for this he had no time.

“Praise the Lord, who has saved me. Without *Christ*, I could not have done anything worth living

for—I could not have been happy now. O, come to Jesus every day. Abide in Him, and He will abide in you.”

Such was one of his short addresses to those who came to see him, and ventured to tell what they thought of him, and how much good he had done.

His words to those who had been invited to see him—because he had somewhat to say to them—were equally appropriate. They were words of warning and counsel. For years he had been freed from that false shame which prevents many well-meaning people from showing what side they are on; but if any of this short-coming had remained, it now had no part in these brief, but blessed conversations.

“This is Mrs. G——,” said Mrs. Sithean, introducing one of those on the list whom Ernest specially wished to see.

Mrs. G—— was one of those uncertain people, of whom there are so many. Sometimes, by her words, when in the presence of those whose favourable opinion she desired, she would appear to be “all right”; but only to fall back again in some of the more open sins. She professed to be ruled by Ernest as by no other.

“What am I to do when you are gone?” was her first question.



"Think of going too, for all must go—every son and every daughter of Adam must die," was the reply. "If you were in my place, knowing that a few more days must end your time of probation here—the time for accepting or rejecting God's mercy—how would you feel? Would you be calm or troubled? Would you be ready or afraid? Give me an answer."

"I am not ready. I would be afraid."

"What, then, is the difference between a few days and a few months, or at most a few years? God has given you a long time, and yet you refuse to accept the only means of safety, of happiness here and glory hereafter. Are you not cruel to yourself? Do you not insult God? You have often professed to love and serve Him. You know you have never *loved* Him, and therefore could not *serve* Him. If you continue in this way you will dread death, and death must come. Would it not be better to listen to God, to have faith in God, to come to God, to live to God, to be a child of God, to be His now and evermore, to have from Him all we need in life, at death, and in heaven? Now tell me."

The woman could not speak. She wept. She knew the right, but had always done the wrong, and now she felt this awful fact come home to her soul

through the faithful words so kindly spoken by the dying young man. In theory, she knew the Gospel, and Ernest was aware of this.

"You are right, my young friend," she sobbed out, and then wept more bitterly. "But is it possible that I may have all this even now, and after I have been so cruel to myself and insulting to God?"

"His mercy endureth for ever," was the gentle reply. "He is not only able to save to the uttermost all that come unto Him, He is willing, willing now. But we must 'come' to Him, and He is drawing us nearer now. To you and to me, God says, 'Thou knowest I love thee.' You *know* it; do you believe it? If you do, hear his voice: 'Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

Here the watchful mother entered. She was afraid that her son might go beyond his remaining strength. Seeing the woman still weeping, and having caught the last words of this divine invitation, she took up the theme.

"God bless His young and faithful servant," were the parting words of this woman, whose spirit was now really contrite.

"Is that pain returned?" asked the mother, seeing considerable yet restrained wincing of the frame. "I

am afraid these interviews are too much for my son. At least, if you are able to receive another of your invited ones, I must come in earlier. You will agree to that?"

Ernest signified his consent by a slight nod of the head. The day passed. He was restless during the night, but he seemed to be revived just in time to see another one to whom he said a few farewell words.

Though the young man who once had the benefit of Ernest's friendship—Harry, to whom he wrote at the seaside—was placed at the top of the list, he was the last to come.

"By God's help, all that is bad shall be given up by me, now and ever," said Harry, after they had talked for some time.

"That is not enough," said Ernest. "We must not only abstain from all appearance of evil ; we must walk in the paths of righteousness, and you know that can only be done in Christ."

"My word for it, God help me," said Harry.

He kept his promise, and found God still waiting to be gracious.

The young friends parted, to meet in heaven.



## CHAPTER XVIII.

### ERNEST'S LAST MOMENTS ON EARTH.

"A gentle wafting to immortal life."

"He passed away  
From the world's dim twilight  
To endless day."

A FEW more efforts and Ernest finished his outside work. Many now were anxious to see him, to have "a gentle smile from the Gentle Prince"; but the doctor said no.

This was scarcely two months after the physician thought it proper to advise the proposed voyage to be given up. That is, after the combined malady began to assume the most alarming and distressing symptoms, too strongly confirming the doctor's statement, that nothing could avert the fatal issue—when the last rays of lingering hope had passed away, and it became evident to all who saw Ernest that he must soon succumb to the virulent power of the two-fold complaint

—when day after day brought other signs of dissolution.

“That is just one of the number, mamma,” he would say, after a paroxysm of pain had abated. “They will soon be all gone. No pain yonder,” and he pointed heavenward—always calm and even cheerful. Some time after, he said—

“My time here is just ended. The pain is ceasing. A sense of weakness is all that is left. You understand, papa.”

A slight faint came over Ernest. His ever watchful mother was ready. She gently bathed his noble brow, now so pale.

“O so kind, mamma,” said he, as he revived slightly. “That is the way the Lord strengthens us upon the bed of languishing, and makes our bed in sickness. How true to all His precious promises !”

After a calm repose, as if asleep, he turned round, and smilingly looked on those at his bedside, and said,

“ ‘ How bright these glorious spirits shine ! ’ ”

“You see them, my son ?” asked the father.

“And Jesus, too,” was the reply. “He is coming. They are waiting. I am going.”

His countenance was heavenly, glowing with a soft, yet brightening radiance, which endured to the end.

"Could I see Baby and Mabel and Ada once more? I am not able to say much to them, but you can read this to them, after I am gone. It is in pencil, but you can make it out."

Mr. Sithean took possession of the paper. The dear and lovely girls were brought. They were "like three sweet angels," as Ernest said. Each received the parting kiss, and upon each he smiled his farewell blessing. Having overcome the strong emotion natural to the occasion, and seeing the others somewhat composed, he softly whispered—

"Meet me in heaven, not one missing. Jesus has redeemed us. He says, 'Suffer the children to come unto me.' He is coming for me soon. He will also come for you at the right time. Continue in his love. Continue to love papa and mamma. Try to be useful. God will make you happy. Goodbye, dear sweet sisters. Goodbye."

They were led away, to see him no more on earth. The fatigue was severely felt. Pain returned. Only for a moment, however. The death-like stillness followed, and sleep came to his aid.

"But what was on the paper?" you naturally ask.

This is it—

“ Oh do not weep, my sisters dear,  
We know not what may be ;  
But pray for that sweet holy fear  
Which blesses you and me.  
God knows the right, and does the best,  
When we are well or ill ;  
On earth, in heaven, in Him I'll rest,  
And be your brother still.

“ Oh, be not sad ; if spar'd with strength,  
Your kindness I'll repay ;  
By God's good help, I may at length  
Be useful in His way.  
With Him we'll work, and by His aid  
Our promises fulfil ;  
At home, abroad, in sun or shade,  
I'll be your brother still.

“ My hands are thin, my limbs are weak,  
And yet my heart is strong ;  
In God I'll trust, His good I'll seek  
All day and all night long.  
In Him I live, in Him I move,  
Still yielding to His will ;  
And should He this poor frame remove,  
I'll be your brother still.

“ And when we meet at Jesus' feet—  
True love in every heart—  
Our joy complete, our rest so sweet,  
No more again to part,  
We'll take each other by the hand,  
And mount up Zion Hill ;  
And, joining with the glorious band,  
I'll be your brother still.”

As you will see, this address was written when there was some slight hope of his recovery, but it tells the spirit that reigned within.

"There He comes, the Saviour comes," said Ernest, after he awoke. "Adieu, adieu!" And his pure spirit ascended on high, to be for ever with the Lord.

"All is ended now—the hope and the fear and the sorrow."

The longing soul is now satisfied. His is now the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

---

Thus lived and thus died "The Gentle Prince, of the Little Palace"—a princely child, a princely boy, and a princely youth. Yes; a princely son, a princely brother, and a princely worker.

You cannot be the prince whom I named at the beginning of this story; but you may be a prince like Ernest Sithean.

A writer—like many others of the same mind—speaking of Ernest, said—"The life of the youth thus prematurely removed to the brighter world above, is a most pleasing instance of the power and influence of loving care, wise teaching, and consistent home example. Young as he was, the Sabbath school, the



Band of Hope, and every other effort put forth in the great and noble work of elevating the world, found in him a warm and responsive heart ; and—as far as his strength permitted—one ever ready to help. Would that multitudes of such young disciples may arise to further the glorious work of emancipating from all evil, leading to all good.”



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